Week ending December 5 1953
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

Starting in this issue: a great novel of suspense

THE MAN from the TURKISH SLAVE

by VICTOR CANNING

Fortune

makes the heart grow fonder

Christmas 1953

The Present that no one ever exchanges

John Player & Sons, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. [NCC 846M]

The Perfect Christmas Box for *HIM!*

When he opens the beautiful presentation case and tries the superb Remington '60', the world's fastest Electric Shaver, he'll know that you have reduced his shaving worries to a matter of seconds —and without blades, brush or bother! Give him a '60' this Christmas. Ask your dealer TODAY!

Don't forget that Remington Pre-shave and After-shave Lotions and Powder Stick also make excellent gifts.

Give him a

REMINGTON 60

ELECTRIC SHAVER *for Christmas*

Remington Rand Ltd., 1-19 New Oxford Street, W.C.1

EDITORIAL

Goodbye Cinderella?

THE Christmas before last there were three pantomimes in the West End of London. Last year there were two. This year there is only one—*Cinderella*. She is a lonely little girl, indeed.

Why are fewer Principal Boys swaggering, fewer Dames bustling and fewer Idle Jacks causing peals of young laughter?

Mr. Emile Littler, the impresario, says: "For twelve consecutive years I have produced a pantomime in the West End. But now the big ice shows hold a great novelty. There are more circuses, too. This year, it did not seem worth while to interrupt a successful run to put on a panto. I felt that the balance sheet would not show a result worth the risk and work."

MAJOR shows cost about £25,000 to put on, plus the weekly wage-bill and theatre overheads—more than £5,000 a week. The management needs ten good houses a week for at least ten weeks to see a worth-while profit.

MR. EMILE LITTLER
"Not worth the risk"

Father, taking the family to a seasonable show, finds the theatre too dear. The family car is not so usable in the jammed West End as in the suburbs where the ice-shows and circuses flourish, and where larger audiences can be accommodated and greater profit made.

But there is another reason for the decline. The robust humour, the honest clowning and the simple splendours have given way to a meaner sort of show, a series of variety turns in which many of the jokes have double meanings and the children laugh without conviction.

ELSEWHERE in Britain pantomimes still continue. In Glasgow this year there are no fewer than six, and queues are likely again to keep them running until May.

In all there will be something like forty companies around Britain this Christmas. But this is fewer than before, and every year the number is dwindling.

If what Sir Max Beerbohm has called "the one art-form that has been invented in England" is to survive, it must meet the opposition of the spectacular ice-shows and circuses by being just as spectacular.

FURTHERMORE, it must equal the stage's other great new rival, television, in humour and excitement designed genuinely for children.

Let us have good players, plenty of hearty singing instead of feeble crooning, and, above all, rich slapstick humour. Then we might see the pantomime-on-ice give way again to the pantomime-on-wood.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

"A MAN will chase a woman until the woman catches him," said George Bernard Shaw. When a man's nose leads him in the chase towards the perfume counter he is paying an unconscious tribute to the art developed by the Ancient Egyptians. Today, the choice of scents is so wide that young men like the one in Fred Laurent's painting often end up in the hands of a salesgirl who is delighted to help tie next year's wedding knot.

THIS is the Gin for a perfect Christmas

HERE is the famous Gordon range which will complete your Christmas entertaining. Be sure to get Gordon's for quality and make certain of enjoying a perfect Christmas.

Gordon's
SPECIAL DRY GIN

No Christmas is complete without it. Mix it with everything — fruit squash, tonic water, vermouth, ginger ale. Bottle 33/9d.; ½ bottle 17/7d.; ¼ bottle 9/2d.; Miniature 3/7d.

Gordon's
ORANGE GIN AND LEMON GIN

Not to be confused with gin and orange squash, but full-strength gin made with pure oranges and lemons. Best taken neat, but add tonic water or a little soda water if preferred. Bottle 32/-; ½ bottle 16/9d.; Miniature 3/5d.

Gordon's
'SHAKER' COCKTAILS

Five famous Gordon flavours, each one mixed by experts and ready to serve. Ensures success of any party.

PICCADILLY · GIMLET · DRY MARTINI
MARTINI · BRONX . . . . . *Bottle 21/-;*
½ bottle 11/3d.; Miniature 2/5d.

Gordon's
Stands Supreme

NESTLÉ's

– a *very* good name for chocolate!

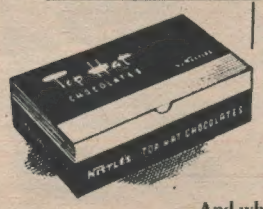
Let's open a box of

Home Made Assortment

Dairyland

A delicious assortment in a wide variety of fillings, for those who like the creamy freshness of a Nestlé's Milk Chocolate covering.

The chocolates are larger than most and they're covered in the finest quality chocolate. The centres are rather special too—marzipan chestnut, raisins in rum, and strawberry cream for example. Nestlé's Home Made Assortment gives a special touch of hospitality to a television party or a family game of bridge.



Top Hat

An excellent assortment, covered in smooth appetising plain chocolate. Very nice to take along when you're going out to enjoy yourself.

And when you're buying a block of chocolate, remember that Nestlé's is a very good name for Milk Chocolate.

N2

Vogue *furniture*

DINING GROUPS. Choice in either walnut or sycamore. Also unit bookshelves, coffee tables, etc., to match.
Price of Suite complete **£59.15**

Address of stockists and full details of this exciting new range from the manufacturers:

CONTEMPORARY FURNITURE (Enfield) LTD.
In association with WOOD BROS. (Furniture) LTD.
LOCKFIELD AVENUE TELEPHONE: HOWARD 1007 BRIMSDOWN, ENFIELD

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
DECEMBER 5, 1953 VOL. 94 NO. 2475 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

Red hair can shape a career

SOON after I had left school, I telephoned a secretarial agency about a promising post which they were advertising. I was ready to give personal details—aged nineteen, grammar school education, 140 words a minute shorthand speed, and so on—but I was very surprised indeed when I was asked, straight out: "Are you a redhead?"

My first impulse was to slam down the receiver. But I suppressed it, and said that I was indeed a redhead, but I did not see what that had to do with it. "We are very sorry," said the voice, "but our client refuses even to interview red-headed applicants." Several times since then I have come up against this strange bias. People seemed to think that I would be swayed by sudden gusts of anger and start throwing typewriters about. But I suppose that I should not complain too much. This same "red for danger" fallacy got me my present job as private secretary to a film producer. "Good, a redhead," he said when I went to see him. "I'm always being pestered by film-struck youngsters, and I want someone who will get mad with them and frighten them away." — HELEN ANDERSON, Middlesex.

Ici On Parle . . .

I AM French by birth and married to an Englishman. It has always been our practice to speak French in the home, and naturally our children—Michel, aged five, Marguerite, three, and Marc, two—have learned the language. In September, Michel started school. At first he could speak no English but, with the help of his friends, he soon picked it up, and his brother and sister are learning it from him through their games. Now, when my husband and I have something to say privately, we have to use Spanish.—MRS. F. KUHL, Patten Road, London, N.W.18.

Bedtime Story

I WAS reading a thriller in which the blood of a murdered man trickled under a bedroom door. I had nearly finished the story, so I took the book to bed with me. I lay reading for a few minutes, and then I saw it—a bright red stream oozing under the door of the small boxroom which leads off my room. I steeled myself, and opened the door. The red stream came from the tap of a barrel in which my mother had been making beetroot wine.—MRS. G. B., Birmingham.

No Skeletons

TWO years ago an Australian cousin asked me if I could tell him anything of our family history. I knew very little—not even where my grandfather was born—but I began to make inquiries, and soon found that I had an enthralling new hobby. I have consulted old records, visited former family homes and traced lost relatives, making many new friends. I met one man—he was most surprised when I introduced myself as a third cousin—who had an interesting family album. Enlargements of some of his mid-Victorian photographs now hang in my home. My researches have established my descent from a seventeenth-century farmer who fell from his horse into a river on his way home from a fair and was drowned. And my forebears include one man who was an M.P. for three months, and another who eloped when he was seventeen and became a successful grocer.—M. C., Cheltenham.

Roll Of Honour

I WAS interested by the "Free Speech" letter from a reader whose daughter's teacher asks one of her pupils to tell her who misbehaves while she is out of the room. I am a teacher myself, and I, too, dislike tale-bearing. But I would point out that, even if it is given work to do, a class which has to be left becomes disorderly if there is no focus for the children's attention. It is my practice to leave a monitor in charge to write on the board the initials of the children who work quietly during my absence. This gives each child a positive goal to work for. When I return I am delighted by the long list of initials.—MRS. H., Surrey.

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

VINCENT AURIOL

The President who's had enough

An intimate portrait

by W. E. ARMSTRONG

Molto Con Brio

DURING my boyhood in Canada we used to have a custom in the backwoods settlements known as the shiveree. We would surround the house of a newly married couple, and then, when the signal was given, we would interrupt the wedding festivities by beating on pans or cans and whistling with our fingers. A few minutes of this music generally earned us an invitation to step inside, and each performer would be given a present.—N. GRAY, Holme Avenue, Whickham, Newcastle upon Tyne.

Holy Terror

WHEN I read Leslie Charteris's three new Saint stories (JOHN BULL Fiction Supplement, November 14), I began to wonder how this endearing but most unsaintly hero got his name. Did Charteris take the initials of Simon Templar and read them as the abbreviation St.?—MRS. I. B. JONES, Gilfach Goch, Porth, Glamorganshire.

This is the correct explanation. Another new Saint story will appear in JOHN BULL *shortly.*

Round Two

CANADIAN food seems to have disappointed Gilbert Harding (JOHN BULL, November 14). Did he never taste pumpkin pie, cranberry surprise, johnnycake (made from cornflour) with maple syrup, succotash (a mixture of corn kernels and lima beans), squash (it's like marrow), yams, sweet potatoes or corn-on-the-cob?—MRS. F. L., Northampton.

All-purpose

IN 1943, when toys were very scarce, I bought my son a big box of ordnance factory rejects for his sixth birthday. It cost five shillings, and contained hundreds of bits and pieces of wood, metal and bakelite, shaped into squares, cones, rings and cubes. My

muzzle almost grazing the ground, was trotting towards the café from the direction of the long, low corrugated iron building. On its back was a large man whose feet almost swept the ground. He was reading a newspaper and holding a red umbrella over his head. He wore a large-brimmed panama hat, a loose white drill suit, hempen *alpergatas* on his feet, and an enormous silk cummerbund about his ample waist.

The donkey stopped at the foot of the bodega steps. The man swung off it and the donkey promptly lay down and rolled over luxuriously in the dust. The man watched it, and said something which made the men at the table away from Peter shout with laughter. The donkey heaved itself to its feet and stood, head bowed, its eyes hypocritically sad, its mousy-fawn hide glossy and distended with good living.

The man furled his umbrella, mounted the steps and joined the others. Grazia brought him out a drink. She stood talking and Peter saw the man look his way. Presently he walked over.

"Senhor." A rich, firm voice. He swept off his hat, gave a bow and announced himself, "Luiz Conquistadore das Tegas."

It was said with such a grand air that Peter, as he rose to his feet, wondered for a moment if he ought to bow. Instead, he held out his hand. It was enveloped in a large, warm paw and pumped vigorously.

"Glad to know you. I'm Landers, Peter Landers."

"Commere Grazia tells me you are English. Welcome to Portos Marias, senhor. We have a fondness for the English here."

He was well over fifty, had a large, handsome face, the bright brown eyes overshadowed by immense white eyebrows. Into the band of his cummerbund were tucked a knife, a pipe, a silver tobacco tin, a small notebook and a collection of toothpicks. His face was pink india-rubber, mirroring every mood, and his hands and arms moved with the same expressive felicity. But behind the expansiveness Peter could feel the authority in the man. He guessed that if he lost his temper it would probably be like a ship's boiler bursting.

"May I?" He sat down and ran a hand over his white hair which was worn so long that it curled over his ears and the nape of his neck. He shouted over his shoulder and Commere Grazia brought them two glasses of beer. He raised his glass, nodded to Peter over it and then drained it in one prodigious swallow.

"Poor stuff, senhor. But it keeps the kidneys flushed. A man is as good as his kidneys, and I have the best pair on Alvaro." He reached out and patted Commere Grazia on the behind. "Isn't that true, Commere?"

"Sure, Senhor Quisto — you got good everythings." She laughed with him, and then went on, "Ah's tellin' you, Senhor Quisto, Mistah English here is mighty interested to know if we got policeman in Portos Marias."

"Policeman?" Quisto pondered the word, then shook his head. "No policeman here, senhor. I am everything; policeman, lawyer, tax-collector." Then suddenly his voice changed and he gave Peter a sharp look. "Why? Are you in some trouble?"

"Well. . . ." Peter hesitated. "I was ashore with some shipmates having a few drinks and . . . there was a bit of a fight." The sheer difficulty of invention made his voice hesitant, his manner shame-faced. "I thought I ought to make myself scarce for a while."

"A fight?" Quisto smiled. "Well, you aren't the first seaman who's had to jump the island boat at Santos. You stay here, senhor. Grazia will look after you." He stood up, chuckling.

"Sure, you stay with me, Mistah English. Ah's use to havin' a man in trouble about the place." She waddled off to serve the group near the door.

Peter followed Quisto down the steps

"It's not so expensive when you think of it in terms of what the pound is actually worth!"

of the platform. The Santos boat was giving a last succession of hoots.

Quisto glanced at him shrewdly. "If it was bad trouble—you'd better run for that boat."

Peter laughed. "Not me. It was nothing that a couple of weeks here won't cure."

"I believe you, senhor." The broad face beamed. "If I didn't I would make sure you were on that boat."

He kicked the donkey, which had relapsed into the dust, and swung himself on to the animal's back. "Come up to my house about seven and have dinner. It will be good to talk to an Englishman again."

He kicked his heels into the donkey's sides and as he rode away, roared, "Olá, what a world it is for a donkey! Plenty of food and the right to kick the unwary."

The steamer gave a last hoot. A great ragged plume of tawny smoke flared up from its stack and it began to pull away from the jetty. Peter stood there. . . . He had a fortnight, and in that time he would keep his eyes and his ears open. On the Slave he had been outwitted. Here he must make no mistakes.

He turned back to the bodega and it was then that he remembered something he had overlooked. He had forgotten that there was one person on this island who knew he had come out of the sea: the girl who had rescued him.

Grazia gave him a meal in her kitchen. As he ate she fussed around, talking to him.

"Is Portos Marias the only village on the island?" he asked.

"The only one. There are a few huts over the other side. They's foh the shepherds. They stays over there weeks at a time."

And that, he hoped, was what the girl would do; stay over there. It was a risk he had to take.

When he had eaten, Grazia took him into her store-room. It was long, with small iron-barred windows, and around the walls merchandise and crates were piled high. He found that she was ships' chandler and general storekeeper for the island. She had everything — clothing, tools, paints and canned goods. She fitted him up with shirts, linen suit and a pair of blue canvas shoes . . . and all he could need. When he took out his wallet to pay, she gave one look at the crumpled, still damp notes and waved them away.

"Some time later, Mistah English. We fix that up. Just now, you look all in. You got to get yohself some sleep."

She showed him up to a low, simply furnished attic looking out over the square. There was an iron bed, a wash-hand stand, a cracked mirror, a couple of chairs and a religious almanac behind the door. It was hot in the room from the sun striking down upon the square outside.

As soon as she was gone, he stripped off his shirt and flung himself on the bed. He slept like a log for three hours.

He was awakened by Grazia, who brought him tea. "The girl will be up with some hot water and a razor," she said.

Peter went to the window. Outside, the palm shadows were lengthening. Some boys were bathing from the sandy strip of beach below the edge of the square.

The whole place looked quiet and peaceful. He, too, felt relaxed and refreshed from his sleep.

The bedroom door opened with a rusty creak of hinges and a girl came into the room carrying a large tin jug. She gave him a little nod and poured hot water into the hand basin. Then she turned and began to make up his bed.

He stood by the window, waiting for her to finish.

She had straight black hair, which fell loosely about her shoulders. Her cheekbones were high, the mouth and chin rather shallow and, although she was good looking, there was a suggestion of watchful impassivity about her. She wore a plain black dress, a little short and tight on her so that she seemed all long brown arms and legs.

As she worked he had the feeling that, although she did not seem to be taking much notice of him, she was in fact very much aware of him. Around her neck she wore a thin gold chain with a cross hanging from it and her wrists were hung with cheap bangles and bracelets.

"Do you speak English?" he asked.

She turned her head towards him, and smiled. The still face was swiftly animated with a bold, provocative glance.

"Sometimes, senhor. . . ."

"What's your name?"

"Anita."

"Do you live here?"

She nodded and then moved across the room to him. She bent down and gathered up his filthy shirt. As she stood up she was close to him and her eyes went over his hard, brown torso and then to his face. She stared at him and he had the feeling she was deliberately trying to embarrass him. Suddenly there was a flash of white teeth and she turned and was gone from the room.

Peter laughed to himself, and then turned to the business of washing and shaving.

Some time later, he was ready to go up to Quisto's house. The linen suit fitted him well. He had slicked down his light brown hair with water. He stood at the window and lit a cigarette from a packet Grazia had brought up with the tea. He was whistling gently. It was difficult not to feel rather pleased with himself.

Quisto had told him to come at seven, but when he got there the place seemed deserted. It was a large blue-and-white painted Spanish-type villa perched on the cliff above the town. From the foot of the gardens the headland ran out which enclosed the harbour.

He walked through the gardens and found Quisto sitting in a small belvedere, smoking a cigar. Quisto greeted him warmly, but was obviously surprised that he had come at seven. He was a dignified, impressive figure in an old-fashioned black suit, low-cut waistcoat, and a straining spread of stiffly starched shirt. He took Peter around the gardens, sweeping him along and talking as he went.

The gardens were luxuriant but neglected. Terrace walls were crumbling, gates were broken and rotten on their hinges. The place was wild, rambling and shabby and gave Quisto no concern at all. From him Peter learned the history of the widely separated group of small islands, of which Alvaro was the only inhabited one.

In 1810 a shipload of Portuguese emigrants to Brazil had been wrecked on the headland. The survivors had brought ashore their stores, their animals and a great deal of tools and household furniture. They had settled down, building houses from the easily worked tufa rock and living comfortably from its fishing and the increase of the few sheep and goats which had been saved and which flourished on the rich grass and shrubs of the lower slopes of the mountain.

Quisto's arm pointed towards the mountain at the back of Portos Marias. "That is Pae—the father. But he is an old, old father now, no fire left in him. In his young days he was a king among volcanoes. Ha, to be young! To be full of fire, and feel the world in your palm like a walnut shell! To see the women's heads turn and to watch the jealousy flash in the eyes of their men! Yes, Pae is old, and so in a little while—maybe another twenty years—I shall be, too." He roared with laughter, sang a snatch of some romantic song, and then went on with his story.

The settlers had refused to leave their island, which eventually passed to Brazil as a result of international arbitration. By this time Portos Marias was well established.

Still talking away, uncaring whether Peter listened or not, Quisto swept him into the house and conducted him over it.

They went up a magnificently carved stairway where every other board was broken or loose. They

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Pioneer road

THIS has become a very "practical" world. Dreams are derided. Ideals are sneered at. How wrong the world is; and what a good thing it is that, despite all the mockery, there are always those who persist in following their dreams!

The reward of the pioneer is great. It is the satisfaction of knowing that he has prepared the road which he may never travel.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

"I'd never go back FROM ELECTRICITY to that old-fashioned boiler!"

When there's a baby in the house, you can't have too much hot water. But you can easily have too much work.

The thing is to have an *electric* water-heater. There's no work at all with that: no fumes, no dirt, no fuel to carry in, no ashes to carry out: no wondering whether the water's hot. It always is with electricity.

ELECTRICITY *is automatic, labour-saving, clean; and it is inexpensive. Are you sure you are making the most use of it?*

For friendly advice and information, go to your Electricity Showrooms or Service Centre. They will be glad to help you. They can also let you have details about easy payments—and the new free book, full of clever, work-saving ideas, **ELECTRICITY IN YOUR KITCHEN**: or you are welcome to write for a copy of the book to EDA, 2, Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.

ELECTRICITY *a Power of Good*

For WATER-HEATING and Cooking too!

EDA/11B

"You can tell he's getting better!"

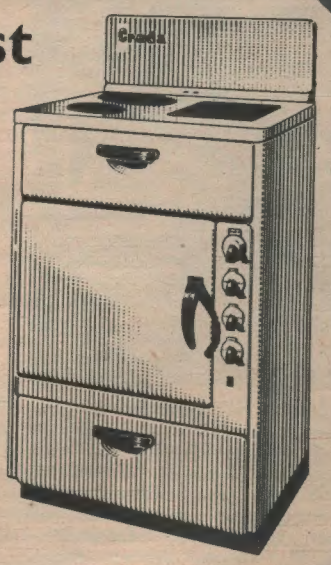
But, my! what a trial he's been. In illness a man needs food to build up his strength; yet he's often too weak to retain it. He can and will absorb the pure nourishment of Benger's because it's already digested for him by a process no other food can offer. This is why Benger's has been recognised by doctors for over fifty years as the perfect convalescent diet. Always keep a tin of Benger's in the house to be ready to fight physical weakness in the first critical days of illness and to ensure a quick recovery.

Benger's Food

★ **Benger's makes a delicious bed-time drink**

Benger's is becoming more and more popular as a bed-time drink especially with people who find milk a little "heavy." Being pre-digested it allows your digestion to rest instead of working. Naturally, you sleep better. You'll like the clean, biscuity flavour of Benger's. Try it for a change. Benger's can be made in a cup as quickly as the milk boils

for electric cooking at its wonderful best



CLEANER
just wipe with a damp cloth. And no fumes — so pots, pans and kitchen walls stay spotless

COOLER
in your kitchen—heat goes only where it's wanted: to the food

CHEAPER
your Creda pays for itself in reduced fuel bills—and remember there's no Purchase Tax on electric cookers

AND WONDERFUL TO COOK WITH!
Automatic temperature control gives even heat in every part of the oven

SEE CREDA COOKERS at your electrical suppliers. Easy terms available in most districts for this and other Creda cookers

you need—a Creda

MADE BY THE HOUSE OF SIMPLEX

Simplex Electric Co Ltd Creda Works Blythe Bridge Staffs.
London Branch: 217-219 Tottenham Court Road W1

A Ti COMPANY

THE MAN FROM THE TURKISH SLAVE

by VICTOR CANNING

Beginning a brilliant new novel of suspense

PETER LANDERS PAUSED at the head of the broad steps. He stood there, absently strapping on the wrist-watch which had just been returned to him. His eyes went up to the sky, marking the small puffs of cloud racing before a strong southerly breeze. It was a fine, sparkling spring morning, rich with sunshine. A morning, he thought, when a man ought to find it good to be alive; a morning when a man ought to be up and doing, a morning to make the spirit sing. But the morning did nothing for him.

He came down the steps slowly, his hands in his pockets. He was a man of thirty-one, of middle height, well-built with a hard, muscular body. His navy-blue suit was shabby and creased, his shoes were worn, and he moved with a heavy carelessness. His face was tanned by the sun, the corners of the blue eyes netted with fine wrinkles which had come from his years at sea. It was a square, open face which normally would have been pleasant with a cheerful set to the lips; but now it was troubled, the face of a man who finds no comfort in his own thoughts.

Behind him were seven days in jail for committing a breach of the peace, seven days full of bitter reflection. In the last four years his temper had grown short and, after a few drinks, the bitterness inside him had made him quick to strike, eager even to seek a quarrel. But this was the first time he had been in jail, and he had had plenty of time to see himself clearly. It was an ugly, disturbing picture.

Overhead a pack of gulls came flighting in from Plymouth Sound, heading for the uplands where the ploughs would be drawing rich red furrows across the Devon soil. The breeze sweeping up the road was full of the smell of the sea. At the edge of the pavement beyond the foot of the steps, the wind fretted at the young green leaves of a laburnum tree. Parked under the tree was a black saloon car.

Peter crossed to the car and got in. Marston, elderly, neat and a little fat, drove off without a word. Peter could see he was angry. They

Landers felt the blow land and almost at once he was falling, arms spreadeagled—plunging headlong past the ship's side to the sea below

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

Landers opened his eyes and took a long look at the girl who had saved him. She was standing over him, fastening her skirt; her clothes were

went down into the centre of Plymouth, then up around the Citadel and out along the road that ran beneath the broad sweep of the Hoe. Marston pulled the car up short of the pier and they sat there with the waters of the Sound, running a little high with white caps from the breeze, open before them.

Marston passed his cigarettes, and said, "Maybe I should have paid your fine."

"You did well to save your money. A few nights in jail was what I needed." Peter's voice was harsh with self-contempt.

The tone surprised Marston. "You sound as though you might be coming to your senses," he said.

"It's a bit late for that." Peter ran a hand over his short brown hair. Four years too late, he thought. The damage was done.

He turned to Marston, his lips set in a wry smile. "Don't waste your time on me."

"I don't intend to. I've wasted it before, but not any longer. I wouldn't be here now if your father hadn't been my friend."

"You've done enough." Peter laughed dryly. "Just drop me off in the town and forget about me."

Marston was silent for a moment. Then he said quietly, "So you've seen yourself at last, eh? And you don't like it."

"That's about it."

Marston put a hand on his shoulder. "Good. You're going to listen to me. Four years ago your wife went off with another man and took your child with her. . . ."

PETER's lips tightened. He turned away. He still could hardly bear to think of it. The four downward years. After the loss of his wife and child he had let himself go, begun to drink, lost his job as second officer with the Freestone Line, tossed away a fine career. . . .

"So you lost your wife. So it was a blow—but it happens to hundreds of people, and they don't all take your way out. Are you surprised that the future doesn't look so good?"

The cold metal of the door handle was in Peter's hand. He had only to push it and step out to be free of Marston.

Marston guessed what was in his mind. He'd known Peter from a boy; childless himself, had taken a pride in him and—since the death of Peter's father—had felt even more responsibility for this obstinate, easy-going Cornishman.

"You get out of this car, Peter, and I'm finished with you." Marston's voice was determined.

Peter turned back and, for a moment, there was a hint of a smile about his lips.

"It's all right," he said. "I'm not getting out. But you're wasting your time. You've done too much. You get me jobs and I muck 'em up. . . . Something just gets into me."

The smile warmed Marston, took his anger away and stirred all his former affection for Peter.

He said gently, "I've got a job for you. The last one I get. Muck this one up and I'll never do another thing for you."

"What is it?" Peter asked. The kind of job open to him now gave no encouragement to his hopes or self-respect.

"Third officer with the Turkish Slave. She gets in from Rotterdam today and pulls out for Brazil—Santos, I think—tomorrow. As a ship, she's nothing. Panama registry, mixed cargo, dirty, undisciplined, and the pay's not good."

Peter laughed. "Just my ticket, eh?"

"Absolutely. An officer who's a drifter, who can bend an elbow with the best of them, somebody with an indifferent reputation . . . that's

dripping with sea water. And she was beautiful

what the Turkish Slave wants. Do you want it?"

"You know I do. I have to eat, and jobs don't come easily for me."

"Good. And now I'll tell you something. There's another side to this job . . . something that calls for a different man from the one you've been these last four years. This is just the right job for a man with a fine naval record, a steady, reliable man who can face a risk with anyone. The kind of man Sir Andrew Freestone likes aboard his ships."

Peter looked at him sharply. "What's behind all this?" he asked.

"A great deal for you—if you make a go of it. Rogers will tell you about it."

"Rogers?"

"He's staying at the Lockyer Hotel. I was at school with him. He's an investigator employed by a group of insurance companies."

MARSTON paused. Then, as he reached for the engine switch, he said: "Peter, it's a good man who doesn't make a few mistakes in this life, and not everyone gets a chance to wipe them out. I've had a tough time with Rogers and Sir Andrew over this. There were other people they could have used. I don't want to go to the Lockyer Hotel unless you're going to pull your weight."

Peter tossed his cigarette out of the window. "Let's get down there right away."

Mr. Rogers was a tall, clumsily built man with a large white face that was like the side of a chalk cliff. Until he spoke he looked awkward and uncertain, but his voice was heavy, deliberate and almost menacingly precise. For some time they sat in his room and talked generally, but Peter was aware that he was being watched and studied.

It was not a feeling that he liked, and he was glad when Rogers eventually came to the point.

"In the last three years, Mr. Landers," he said ponderously, "there have been many big jewel robberies in England and on the Continent which have cost the companies for which I work something over half a million pounds. Most of the stuff has gone without trace. It is not handled through the ordinary channels. We are convinced that the jewels are shipped across to South America, broken up there and resold. The Turkish Slave is one of the ships used. You have, I imagine, Mr. Landers, the normal man's regard for the safety of his own skin?"

"Of course."

"Well, on this job, cultivate an abnormal regard. Some months ago we put an officer aboard the Slave and he was lost, drowned at sea. We have lost other men from other ships. Heroics are of no help to us at all. We don't want the small fry, the masters of ships. We want to catch the big boys, and to discover how the whole organization works. You need do no more than keep your eyes and ears open and avoid arousing suspicion. When you get to Santos—if you have any information—telephone our man in São Paulo."

HE handed a piece of paper to Peter. "Memorize the name and number. I should mention that if you find out anything of real importance there is a substantial reward. Does that interest you?"

Peter stirred and the edge of a smile moved around his lips. "I have the normal man's regard for money, Mr. Rogers."

"Good. You might like to know, too, that Sir Andrew Freestone has the same feeling about money. He is a big stockholder in one of our principal companies. He can be a very grateful man. . . ."

The Turkish Slave was dirty, undisciplined and, Peter suspected, only just sea-worthy. The captain was French, the first mate a Dutchman, and the gin and schnapps bottles were brought out early in the day. There was an irony about his position now which amused Peter. Before this he would have taken his drink with the rest of the officers and enjoyed it. Now he found that he had little desire for it and had to take it to keep up his part.

The Slave went down to Lisbon, then farther south to Lagos, and finally headed out across the Atlantic for Santos. Peter, after a few days, was accepted without reserve by the officers.

He kept his eyes and ears open; he tipped his gin away secretly when he got a chance, but never once did he see or hear anything to arouse his suspicions. The Turkish Slave seemed just a dirty general cargo boat, and her officers and crew just the rough and tumble mixture he would have expected in such a ship.

They had bad weather until they were three days out of Santos. On the evening of the first fine day, the captain announced that it was his birthday and gave a party in his cabin. There was a great deal of drink and horse-play.

Peter took two drinks and was sipping his third, waiting for a chance to tip it away, when the cabin started to lurch and sway. He saw the faces of the other officers spin round him in the smoke-filled atmosphere and, as he grabbed for the table, he guessed what had happened. His drink had been tampered with.

He felt himself lifted by the arm-pits and was hauled away to his bunk.

Some time later he came round, his head spinning, his body hot and feverish in the stuffy cabin. Stupid with drugged drink still, he groped his way out and along the forward deck to find a spot to sleep in the cool. Even in his dazed condition he had a nagging conviction that he ought not to sleep, that there was something for him to do, but he could not fight against the blackness invading his mind. He slumped back against the deck and slept.

It was the ship's tom cat that woke him three hours later. It thrust its face against his neck with pugnacious affection. He pushed it away, half-asleep still. It came back and sat on his chest, purring loudly.

He pushed the cat away again and it went, taking with it what remained of his sleep. He lay there, his head throbbing. He ran his hands through his hair and stared up at the night sky, his face touched with a grimace of self-disgust as he rolled his dry tongue around his mouth. Somewhere aft a door opened for a moment and a thin complaint of radio music escaped into the hot night.

RISING to his feet with elaborate caution, he moved gently around the starboard side of the deckhouse and the dark world took uncertain shape in the faint glow from the bridge.

Beyond the deckhouse was a roped-off gap in the rail where a storm two days before had carried away a section. Standing by the gap were the captain, the first mate and a seaman. As he approached, silent in his rubber-soled shoes, he saw the captain hold out a bulky parcel and drop it overboard. A dog yapped excitedly. Below the rail he heard a voice curse angrily. The dog was silent. He went to the side and looked over.

Below, dimly seen in the gloom, was a long, sturdy looking fishing boat. Its motor was running gently and it was close alongside, keeping pace with the ship. On its deck the dark shapes of three or four men moved. The dog barked again. He saw it run along the edge of the well and stand at the open hatch, a small white terrier mongrel with a fluffy, cork-screw tail and a black patch over one eye. The whole scene was blurred by the darkness and his own spinning senses.

He moved towards the captain and the two

VICTOR CANNING

International Best Seller

SINCE THE war, Victor Canning's rise as an international best-seller has been spectacular. *The Man From The Turkish Slave* is his fourth JOHN BULL serial in four years.

For each book, he has gone to an entirely new background. To Jugoslavia for *A Forest Of Eyes*; to Venice for *Venetian Bird*; to Holland for *The House Of The Seven Flies*. And now—Brazil.

Few writers *see* their settings and characters as vividly as Canning. He has what reviewers have called "a 3D camera eye"—and it is perhaps significant that the film of *The House Of The Seven Flies*, which he scripted in Hollywood last year, is now waiting for studio decisions on 3D or CinemaScope.

Born forty-two years ago in Plymouth, (where Peter Landers joins the Turkish Slave) Victor Canning has been writing for a living since 1934. He is married, with two daughters, and lives in a Jacobean farmhouse in Kent.

The man approached, swept off his hat with a fine flourish, and bowed. In a rich, firm voice he announced: "Luiz Conquistadore das Tegas." Landers wondered if he should bow, too

men. His mind was still not working properly, but somehow he had the impression that what went on here was his concern.

The men at the rail heard him coming and turned. They stood there, staring at him. Over the side the dog barked again, and suddenly Peter's mind cleared. He knew now what this was all about . . . but it was too late.

He heard the captain shout angrily and the two men ran towards him. They caught him by the arms, holding him firmly as the captain came up. Peter made no struggle. He had to keep his head.

"What's happening?" he asked, pretending to be puzzled.

"*Ferme ta gueule*!" With the words came the blow. The captain's right fist drove out and crashed against Peter's face. At once the throbbing machine in his head went wild, clanging and banging, and pain reached down through him, dragging anger with it. He shook himself free and struck back. He felt his fists against them, heard a man swear as he toppled back. Then they came at him together. From the darkness a hand whipped down and he heard the thin stuff of his shirt part before the knife and felt the blade score briefly and painfully into the flesh of his arm. With the pain, the captain's fist found his face again and he went backwards. The rope across the gap in the deck rail caught him in the back, held him for a moment and then sagged. He flung out a hand for a hold, felt the rope escape through his fingers, and then he was falling. He missed the bows of the fishing boat by a yard.

The water smacked at his body like the buffet of a great hand.

WHEN he came up it was to find himself riding gently on the swell from the ship's wake, the trapped air in his shirt keeping him easily afloat and the stern light of the Turkish Slave drawing dimly away from him. He shouted but the world had lost interest in him. The ship no longer had shape and its lights were gradually sucked into the darkness.

Throughout the war Peter Landers had had one horror; that some day he would find himself in the water with no prospect of being picked up. There was some irony in an event occurring eight years after there was any reason for expecting it.

With a great deal of fumbling he bound the flesh wound in his right arm with his handkerchief. He then kicked off his rubber shoes, and lay back, floating gently.

He was, he knew, about two hundred miles from Brazil, the nearest mainland. The Turkish Slave was due in Santos in two days. The chances of being picked up were remote. The fact that he had seen a fishing boat alongside the Turkish Slave might well mean there were others about, though it seemed a long way out for fishing boats. Thinking of the fishing boat brought him back to the cause of his own misfortune.

What a fool he had been not to have guessed that the officers of the Turkish Slave would take no risks with him! He should have foreseen such a possibility. When he had come round, he should have kept out of the way instead of stumbling about the deck like an idiot. He would drown and the captain would report the loss of an officer . . . drunk on duty, fell overboard.

Marston and Rogers would be suspicious when they heard but they would be helpless against the captain's word . . . and the captain would be well paid to keep to his story. And somewhere, making for the mainland, was a fishing boat with a fat parcel of stolen jewels aboard.

The stir of his arms and legs broke the water into thin trails of phosphorescence which streamed away from him and then died, proving—though bringing little comfort—that he was

Continued on page 28

DETECTIVES IN KHAKI (2) *by Norman Phillips—more cases from the secret dossiers of the army's Special Investigation Branch*

Captain Crocker outwits the smugglers

ON A WARM SUMMER'S NIGHT in June, 1942, a man in civilian clothes lurched out of a bar in Alexandria and barged into a pair of strolling New Zealanders. "Who d'you think you are?" demanded the two soldiers. The reply was a drunken rejoinder to be careful how they spoke to an officer.

The self-proclaimed officer's speech was none too clear. His dark hair was close cropped. The New Zealanders felt that something was wrong, but they jumped to the wrong conclusion that the man was a German spy. They hailed a passing uniformed military policeman.

Identity cards were produced all round, and it appeared that the suspected spy was Lieutenant Stewart of the S.I.B., the army's Special Investigation Branch dealing with military crime.

The New Zealanders refused to accept Lieutenant Stewart's credentials, although they had passed the M.P.'s scrutiny. By brute force, the two soldiers persuaded the lieutenant to go to S.I.B. headquarters in Kom-el-Dik barracks. There the suspect was soon unmasked as an absentee named Smith, from the Royal Army Service Corps.

The army's Special Investigation Branch, formed early in 1940 at the suggestion of Scotland Yard, was always happy to encounter soldiers who posed as S.I.B. detectives. This was a popular disguise, because the detectives spent most of their time in civilian clothes, and a deserter who could forge an S.I.B. warrant card might possibly escape arrest.

The warrant card, printed in English and Arabic, stated: *The bearer of this card is a member of the Military Police, British Troops Middle East. He is authorized to be in any place and in any dress at any time in the execution of his duty. He is authorized to travel in any manner.*

Betrayed His Confederate

The arrested Smith proved to be talkative. Under interrogation by Captain Ronnie Crocker, a Scotland Yard man, the deserter told of a confederate who parked his car in a certain Alexandria garage. Crocker sent two men to the garage, but the car and suspect had departed. Smith then led the investigators to a house in Sidi Bishr.

The house was an elegant one on the waterfront, not far from the home of the heir presumptive to the Egyptian throne. There were three cars in the garage, a Packard, a Ford and a shooting brake fitted with a radio. The three servants in the house said that the occupant was an English officer by the name of Webster.

Crocker and his men searched the mansion. They found a wardrobe containing dozens of suits, shoes and accessories. There was an office with £1,500 in the safe. There was also a collection of warrant cards, leave passes and identity cards, all expertly forged. There were documents showing that the three cars had been duly registered with the Egyptian police. Most interesting of all was a back room containing fifteen four-gallon petrol tins.

At first, the searchers were puzzled by the tins. They seemed full of petrol, and it was odd that they should be kept locked in a room so

Summoned by the pawnbroker, Kay and Aspinall burst into the narrow shop as Leonard tried to sell the gold bracelets. Between the S.I.B. detectives and the deserter stood the girl

ILLUSTRATION BY CASWELL

Gordon Wright, now a London policeman, with Marie, his wife, and their son Nigel. In his pocket he carries two bullets fired at him during his days as an S.I.B. man in the Middle East. Wright won a point-blank gun duel with a deserter in a café, and then dug the bullets from the wall

remote from the garage. Someone decided to empty one of the tins.

A small amount of petrol came out. The tin was still heavy, yet spilled no more liquid. The investigators ripped it open. Inside was layer on layer of a sticky brown substance with a tell-tale odour of musty hay. It was hashish—more than 400 lb. of it, worth between £25,000 and £30,000 to Egypt's half million drug addicts.

Experts from the Egyptian Central Narcotics Intelligence Bureau came running to see the cache of hashish. It was the first time they had seen it packed in this manner, and the discovery led to the capture of other drug runners using petrol tins as containers.

Man-hunt For Webster Began

Each tin was adapted so that a small amount of petrol could be carried in the upper part. This produced the gurgling noise and fooled anyone making a casual inspection by removing the stopper. The space underneath was devoted to pancake-like slabs of hashish.

The S.I.B. had the hashish, the money and the cars, but it was obvious that Webster had fled. It was later learned that he had deposited £500 with his girl friend to cover such an eventuality. Webster used the money to get to Palestine, where he went into hiding. Crocker issued a "Wanted" notice describing Webster as a five foot seven inch deserter from the Royal Army Service Corps—a man with ginger hair.

For three weeks there was not a trace of Webster. Then, on July 18, C.S.M. Fred Sharpe walked into the S.I.B. office and told Bob Aspinall, a big Tynesider from the Surrey force: "I think we can get Webster, you and I."

Sharpe was on special duty checking dance halls and bars in Cairo. He had got a tip that the ginger-haired Webster was back in Alexandria and could be found at the Ala-Keefik bar.

Aspinall and Sharpe had to go to Alexandria to identify some stolen property at a police station. "We can call in at that bar on the way back," Aspinall suggested. "No," said Sharpe, "I've got a hunch that we'd better go to the bar first. The loot can wait."

Armed with photographs of Webster, the two warrant officers entered the Ala-Keefik bar. Yes, the proprietor recognized the man, but he wasn't ginger-haired. He was dark. He had just left and, as a matter of fact, there was his car still parked across the street. The detectives looked. There was a black Ford saloon. They took up posts in nearby doorways and waited until a sturdily built man came down the street and opened the car door. Then they jumped. Aspinall took one side, Sharpe the other, and they got the ignition key out of the man's hand.

"What's this all about?" the man spluttered. "You'll regret this day. I'm from the Admiralty torpedo depot and you'll hear from my admiral."

Deserter Had Dyed His Hair

He did have a pass from the torpedo depot—an obvious forgery—but what convinced the policemen was the black hair. Peeping out at the roots were Webster's own ginger locks. He had used dye, but had neglected to keep up the treatment.

Crocker was standing on the steps of Kom-el-Dik barracks with another officer when Aspinall and Sharpe arrived with their prisoner. "Know him, sir?" Sharpe asked.

"The face is familiar," Crocker replied.

"It's our ginger-haired friend Webster," Sharpe explained. "He's had himself a nice new hair-do." Webster hired a Greek lawyer for his court martial. The S.I.B. gathered evidence showing that Webster and Smith had deserted from Tobruk when that town was the centre of the desert fighting. In Alexandria they stole a spare wheel and sold it for a fiver to a gang of dope pedlars. With the £5 and an advance from the gang, Webster had rubber stamps made and army forms printed. To start with, Webster made himself a sergeant and promoted Smith to lance-corporal. They stole a shooting brake and drove to Syria, where they obtained hashish through the gang's contacts. This trip earned them £50, and a few more expeditions left them with enough capital to go into business for themselves. To celebrate, Webster gave himself a commission.

While awaiting trial, Webster told Crocker that he had always been afraid Smith would give the game away. When his partner was arrested Webster decided to run rather than shoot it out. In a coat pocket, he left behind a nasty little pencil-pistol designed to spray acid. Crocker found it and added it to his collection of nefarious weapons.

The court-martial sentences were eight years for Smith and fifteen for Webster. "I'll do it standing on my head," said the ginger-haired drug runner, "and when I come out I can put my hands on £20,000."

Not all deserters accepted capture as philosophically as Webster. Some desperadoes submitted only after free-for-all battles with fists and feet. In the case of Costa Leotatis, a Cypriot deserter and chief of a drug-running gang, there was a gun battle.

Leotatis belonged to 283 General Transport Company of the Royal Army Service Corps. He was a Cypriot of ordinary appearance, but with

extraordinary cunning and resilience. The files of the S.I.B. refer to him as "the brains behind a number of Cypriot absentees engaged in smuggling arms and drugs from and to Palestine and Egypt."

Three times the Military Police arrested him, and three times he escaped military custody. On one occasion he was caught with £13,000 worth of hashish. In September, 1944, the S.I.B. arrested most of the Leotatis gang, but it was January before the leader was finally located.

The day was January 27, and C.S.M. Gordon Wright—a mild-mannered, fair-haired man—was sitting talking with R.S.M. Johnny Coe in the S.I.B. office at Ismailia. A Cypriot civilian came in and identified himself as the husband of Leotatis's sister. He wanted to know the price on the gangster's head. "You tell us where he is," said Coe, "and then we'll talk about rewards. Don't come back unless you can give us some specific information."

The would-be informer left. Wright and Coe did not think they would see him again. The man was back in half an hour. "You know the Café Khanie," he whispered, "it's in the rue de Belgique by the rue Negrelli. Costa Leotatis is there."

Slid Guns In Their Pockets

Leotatis had entered the Café Khanie at about seven o'clock that evening. The deserter pulled out a chair and sat on the right-hand side of the café, immediately inside the door, so that he could see anyone approach, and began to speak to a Greek named Elie Scoutis. Manoosos Drougas, the café proprietor, recalls: "Costa did not order anything to eat or drink."

In his office, Coe was not wasting any time. He went to the arms cupboard, took out a Birette automatic for himself, and handed Wright a Smith and Wesson .38 pistol.

It was a cool night. Both sergeant-majors put on greatcoats and slipped the loaded weapons into their pockets. On their way out, they invited a probationer officer, Lieutenant J. E. Morris, to accompany them. Morris was unarmed and was instructed to remain outside the café.

The informer led the three officers down the rue Negrelli to the rue de Belgique and then diplomatically faded away. Coe spotted Leotatis and, stepping down into the café, barked at him: "You are Private Costa Leotatis. We want you. Stand up."

The command upset the Cypriot. Almost automatically, he came to his feet, allowing Wright to get behind him. Coe began to run his hands over the prisoner. "I slid my hands up his sides towards his armpits," Coe said later, "and with my right hand I felt the barrel of a pistol. As soon as I touched this pistol, Costa began to struggle violently and with his right hand grabbed the butt of it. I yelled, 'He's got a pistol!'"

Bullet Zipped Past Detective

Wright had been trying to lever the Cypriot's arm behind him. There was a shot and Coe went spinning out of the door. Wright decided it was time for more energetic measures. Drawing his own pistol, he clipped the deserter on the back of the head with the butt.

"I'm not exactly a weakling," says Wright, who is in fact a powerfully built man, "but that blow had almost no effect. Costa sank a little, shook his head and came up facing me with a huge Remington .45 in his hand."

Coe was crawling out of the doorway, a bullet hole in his thigh. The street emptied. Drougas and his customers dived under the cooking range and behind the bar. The deserter, gun in hand, had his back to the door. He fired at Wright, not five feet in front of him; the S.I.B. man felt the slug zip past as he danced between the upturned tables.

"I fired twice," Wright recalls, "and spun Leotatis to the ground. I couldn't believe that I wasn't hit. The sweat was running down my face. I was sure it was blood. The Cypriot was down and I thought he'd pack it in, so I held my fire. But he started to get up."

Tipped off by an informer, Crocker (centre) searched a house with Sergeant Sharpe (left) and R.S.M. Blofield and found these cans. Each held hashish, hidden under a little petrol

Three shots from the deserter's gun roared through the café. "Then I fired again," Wright says. "I let him have it good and proper. I wasn't standing any more of that."

The Cypriot backed towards the door. At the entrance he staggered and fell face upward in the street. The gun dropped from his hand. That was the end of Costa Leotatis.

When Wright examined his own weapon there were six spent cartridges. Four of his bullets found their mark in Leotatis. A fifth ended in the wall of a house across the street after shattering a tea cup. The sixth had ricocheted up the street and was found in a bicycle shop.

Out of the café wall, Wright dug two of the bullets fired at him. The two ugly pieces of copper-coated lead sometimes rattle together in his uniform pocket as he quietly rides his horse through Mayfair on his way back to the Metropolitan Police stables in Hyde Park.

On more fortunate occasions the detectives trapped armed men before they could open fire. Aspinall, the burly Tynesider who took part in the peaceable capture of Webster, was once sent out to bring in a deserter who had vowed to shoot his way out of any encounter with the police.

This deserter was a military policeman. Because he later went straight, Aspinall refers to him as Leonard, which is not his real name. Leonard was a sergeant who had fallen in love with a cabaret girl. His commanding officer refused him permission to marry an Arab. In the language of the army, Leonard "went adrift."

He married the girl and went to live with her in the Smouha quarter of Alexandria. Their home was a brick and mud house, little better than a farmer's shed, lying behind the more elegant houses on the seafront. Leonard spoke Arabic, and was soon thick with local thieves. They paid him £120 for a stolen army lorry, he said later, but the net profit was cut to about £90 by the time he had paid out bribes to his helpers.

From lorry stealing he advanced to raiding petrol dumps. Whenever he made any large sums of money he would turn them over to his wife. She bought gold and had it fashioned

Continued on page 25

HALEX CHRISTMAS GIFTS

will go to their heads

HALEX BOUDOIR BRUSH
(No. 6340)

She'll love the tints of rose, blue and green in the transparent handles with their "cut glass" effect. Nylon tufts, "Rondated" for smoother, surer brushing, 7/6.

HALEX COMBING BRUSH
(No. 7660)

Delightfully different, with *quills* instead of bristles to massage and stimulate and bring new lustre to her hair. Pink, blue or green pastel with a pearly gleam, 12/-.

HALEX GLAMOUR BRUSH
(No. 6353)

Fit for a film star's dressing room, so beautiful are its novel shape and gleaming crystal-like handle in rose, pink, blue or green, 10/6.

HALEX MILITARY BRUSH
(No. 6349)

The brush for a man of action; handsome and practical and built for a long rugged life. Walnut finish and handsome gift box, 8/11.

Halex SOLVES YOUR PRESENT PROBLEM

All the magic of a tropic night...

A NEW CHOCOLATE SURPRISE!

Now! Here's Bounty, the delicious milk chocolate-coconut bar with all the magic of the South Seas!

Surprise! The surprise is for you when you taste the coconut! Juicier, moister, than you ever dreamed coconut could be!

Chocolate! It's full-cream milk chocolate, rich, thick and satisfying.

Get a Bounty to-day. They're in your sweetshop now.

BOUNTY

Two big chunky bars for 6d.

ANOTHER SWEET TREAT BY MARS

Father Christmas is on the line, and these Hull orphans are the first to hear him at a special rehearsal. Telephone manager Hugh Harris keeps them in order

Hull telephone operators listen to Santa's voice on a relay machine. His message includes carols and a short fairy story

'Santa Claus speaking'—from twopence-a-call city

by CHARLES WAUGH

Go to a green phone kiosk, place *two* pennies in the slot, dial a certain number—and Santa Claus will answer. This is a true fairy story—exclusive to Kingston upon Hull

IF ANY DOUBTS REMAIN that there exists an old, white-bearded man known as Father Christmas or Santa Claus, the simplest way to settle them is to pick up a telephone during the four days before December 25 and ask for a certain Hull number. The caller will hear a friendly voice saying, "Hallo there. This is Santa Claus speaking."

When it was announced last year that Santa could be reached at Hull 32800—the number will be different this Christmas—calls came from abroad and from most parts of the United Kingdom. This delighted the Postmaster-General, who makes a profit on these transactions, and was a source of pride to the Kingston upon Hull Telephone Department.

It does not surprise Hull people that this service is provided by their city. The Hull municipal telephone system, now in its fiftieth year of operation and the only independent organization of its kind in Britain, has a reputation for both friendliness and efficiency. Hull telephone rates are the lowest in the country and, in addition to Santa Claus, the exchange offers band music in the spring and summer, and football commentaries during the autumn and winter.

Callers can step into any of Hull's 203 kiosks (painted a tasteful green instead of pillar-box red) and make a local telephone call for twopence. If they choose to pay £9 a year, residential subscribers can make as many calls as they like. The G.P.O. does not offer the unlimited call method of charging, and subscribers on the standard tariff would pay £8 10s. for five hundred calls a year. Hull people are charged £7 10s. for the same service. The department also occasionally makes an annual profit large enough to permit a contribution to the rate fund.

The manager of the Hull Telephone Department's live assets — they represent nearly £1,500,000—is a lanky, grey-haired Somerset man, forty-seven year old Hugh Victor John Harris. He and an elected committee of fourteen meet once a month to discuss plans and operations, and if any citizen has a complaint or suggestion it is comparatively easy for him to get a hearing through his local councillor.

It was at a telephone committee meeting held on December 17 last year that Councillor John Stamper asked if it would be possible to accommodate Santa Claus on the Hull exchange. Only eight days remained before Christmas, but neither Harris nor the committee accepted this as an excuse for pigeon-holing the idea.

Telephone engineers went to work on the technical problems. The city librarian and Harris's daughter Rachel worked on a script, and a volunteer was discovered with the rich, jovial voice associated with Father Christmas.

Equipment used to provide the Santa Claus service included devices which had been obtained for the more prosaic task of telling subscribers who dialled an old number: "The number that you have dialled has been changed. Please consult your telephone directory." This message was changed to a three-minute greeting from Santa, Christmas carols by a local choir and a fairy story ending with the gentle reminder: "You will have to ring off now so that other children can hear me."

Although the service was offered only in off-peak hours between 5 p.m. and 8 p.m., more

Continued on page 26

STAND BY—MATERNITY CASE!

by KEITH HORAN

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL DOWSETT

He sweated at the thought of it. If he landed now, his wife might die before he could see her. If he flew on, he was risking a mother's life

THEY HANDED HIM the signal just before take-off. It read: "ANN IN ST. JUDE'S HOSPITAL AFTER MOTOR ACCIDENT STOP SEVERELY SHOCKED AND INTERNAL COMPLICATIONS FEARED STOP CONDITION VERY SERIOUS STOP COME QUICKLY MOTHER."

His first reaction was one of anger, born of fright. "How the hell," he muttered, "can I come any quicker. Doesn't she bloody well know I'm flying an air-liner?"

He stuffed the flimsy into his pocket and was about to turn away when he thought better of it.

Borrowing a form from the messenger, he scribbled a reply.

"See that goes at once—priority," he snapped, and passed through the main cabin to the flight deck.

A few minutes later they were airborne and climbing steadily above a tossing waste of waters. . . .

It was a filthy night, with not a gleam of moon or starshine. Nothing but heavy cloud and drenching rain and, astern of them, a high wind blowing in vicious gusts which threw the great aircraft about like a cork in a mill-race.

The captain sat with his eyes fixed on the instrument dials of the blind flying panel. He felt stunned, and although his brain registered and his reactions were immediate to every message those instruments sent him, yet it was all purely automatic.

Internal complications. He knew only too well what his mother had meant by that. Ann, his wife, was due to have her first baby in a month's time, the kid whose arrival they had been awaiting so keenly, for whose welfare they had made such plans.

And now—judging by the tone of the signal—it was possible, even probable, that one, if not both of them, would be dead before he could reach home.

He sat, sweating and frightened as they droned on, bucking and lurching, through the night. . . .

Hours later, the co-pilot broke a long silence.

"Daylight in ninety minutes," he remarked briefly.

"Thank heavens for that! This instrument flying gets me down." He had to lick his lips to speak. But once started, he found he could not stop. He had a desire for talk, for activity, anything to disperse the nervous excitement that had been building up all night. "I could have sworn my left wing was low just now, despite the evidence of the dials, and twice I've thought the starboard outer——"

The door leading to the main cabin opened, throwing a beam of light into the darkened cockpit.

He half shut his eyes against the sudden glare and said: "Yes, Jackson. What is it?"

"There's a passenger ill, sir."

"What's the matter with him?"

"It isn't a 'him,' sir. It's that Portuguese lady, Mrs. Da Silva. She's going to have a baby." The steward's voice was calm and matter-of-fact.

"My God! She can't do that!"

"She's going to all the same, sir. It's a premature. She's been nearly mad with fright all the trip and that, combined with the rough passage, has brought it on. She ought to be in proper hands as soon as possible."

"There's no doctor among the passengers, is there?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you've had some training. You'll have to carry on. How long is she likely to be?"

"Hard to say, sir. Possibly two hours. Tricky things, these prematures. I know. My wife had one. She gave birth in forty minutes. I don't know if it's anything I could tackle. She really needs a doctor, sir."

FOR a long moment the captain was silent, trying to adjust his brain to the new development; and fighting a desperate battle with his conscience.

It was only just over two hours to London and possibly his last chance of ever speaking to his Ann or being able to comfort her. And the alternative? At the very least, an hour's delay and a nasty, tricky touch-down in pitch darkness on a strange airfield, instead of a cushy landing in daylight at London Airport.

Hell and blast! He glanced back at the steward who was staring at him, white-faced and anxious in the dim light of the cockpit, and made up his mind.

"Very well," he said sharply. "I'll be along in a minute. Make her as comfortable as you can and tell her I'm going to land her. How are the other passengers?"

"They don't all know. Those that do are all right. There's another lady with her now. She's promised to help."

"O.K. Get busy."

The steward disappeared and the captain called the navigator on the intercom.

"The nearest airfield is the R.A.F. Station, St. Eval, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"How far is it?"

"I'll have to work it out. About forty minutes' flying, at a guess. Anything wrong?"

"Yes. I'm driving a ruddy maternity ward. Give me a course there and the E.T.A. I'm increasing speed fifteen knots."

"O.K., Skipper."

The captain switched out, shoved the throttles slowly forward until the indicator showed the extra fifteen knots, synchronized the engines and altered the trim to allow for the changed load on the controls. The navigator passed forward a message slip giving the course and the estimated time of arrival.

The captain set the course on the compass

There was a second or two of ghastly uncertainty. Then, ahead of them, stretched the lights of the flarepath. The captain, almost numb with anxiety, gently eased back the control column

They stared up at him—the woman passenger and the one expecting a baby. It was going to be the trickiest interview that he had ever tackled

ring and slowly swung the aircraft round until the needle and grid-lines were parallel. Then he called up the radio officer.

"Sparks. Send this signal to St. Eval. 'Have urgent maternity case on board. Making emergency landing at 0650 hours. Arrange ambulance to meet. Request weather report.'"

"Roger, Skipper."

"And repeat signal to London or we'll start a panic."

The captain turned to the co-pilot, who was entering the changes of speed and course in the flight log.

"Take over, Bill, will you. I'd better view the bod. Let me know directly that weather report comes in."

He entered the cabin and forced a grin for the benefit of the worried faces that stared up at him. The news had evidently got around.

"It's all right, ladies and gentlemen," he said quietly. "Everything's under control. We're going down in a few minutes to land the patient in Cornwall, but with any luck we shan't be more than an hour adrift at London Airport."

The aircraft was not full and the steward had been able to screen off a small portion of the rear cabin.

The captain pulled aside the sheet and stood looking down at the pretty, dark girl who was staring up at him with wide, terrified eyes. A wave of compassion and pity swept over him, swamping all feelings of resentment, and he had to use all his self-control to prevent his thoughts flying back to Ann.

He smiled again, as cheerfully as he knew how. The woman passenger who was kneeling beside the seat, pillowing the girl's head on her arm, looked up.

"She doesn't speak a word of English, I'm afraid, Captain, and my Spanish is very sketchy."

This, he thought, was going to be the trickiest interview he had ever tackled. He bent over, took one of the small hands in his. "Can you tell her," he said, slowly, "that we will be landing in less than half an hour. Then a doctor and an ambulance will meet the plane and she will be in hospital within ten minutes of landing. So there's nothing whatever for her to worry about."

The woman translated haltingly, and some of the fear went out of the dark, staring eyes.

For a moment or two there was an embarrassing silence and then a thought struck the captain. "Tell her," he said, "that as none of us will be able to attend the christening we will open a bottle of champagne and celebrate in advance."

"Oh! Do you think. . . ." the woman passenger began dubiously.

He smiled at her. "It can't do any harm, and might do a lot of good. Prop her up a bit and we'll see."

He nodded to the steward, who returned in a moment with the wine.

Filling a glass, the captain handed it to his patient. She took it with a wan little smile.

"Salud," she whispered.

The captain laughed. "That's a good girl." He raised his own glass, which contained only orange juice.

After a moment he said: "I must go now and bring you down to the ground. You've only got about twenty minutes more; just time for you to enjoy the champagne."

As he entered the flight deck, the radio officer handed him the weather report. It did nothing to relieve the strain.

"Thirty-knot wind blowing from due west. Visibility three hundred yards. Cloud base seventy feet. Raining hard."

He read it and handed it back. "Get 'em on the R/T." He went forward to take over the controls.

Presently he heard St. Eval calling. *"Dog How from St. Eval Tower. Message for you. Over."*

He pushed the "send" button on the control-box. *"St Eval from Dog How. Send message. Over."*

The reply came immediately. *"Dog How from St. Eval Tower. Cloud base low and severe cross-wind on Standard Beam Approach runway. Strongly advise you use Ground Control Approach dead into wind. Over."*

For the second time that night the captain experienced a surge of anger and frustration. Every damned thing seemed to be conspiring

Continued on page 38

Buddy Bradley puts the wiggle into show business

by ROSS ADLER

Even Alicia Markova could not resist the boogie-woogie rhythms Buddy learned on the route from Alabama to Shaftesbury Avenue

TELEVISION AUDIENCES were startled one evening last summer when Alicia Markova, the distinguished ballerina, stepped in front of the camera to announce, "Now I have a surprise for you." She signalled to her pianist who, instead of opening with the usual Tchaikovsky music, began to play a blues number. Then the elegantly graceful Markova danced.

She did not rise on her points, pirouette or soar into space with the effortless ease of the ballet stage. Instead, in harmony with the sultry music, Markova glided into the sinuous body-weaving steps, accentuated by hand clapping, of boogie-woogie.

The TV audience was astonished at the sight of Markova, the icy cool classical ballerina, wriggling her torso to "hot" rhythm. But there was one viewer to whom the spectacle was no surprise. He was Buddy Bradley, the forty-three year old dancing master and choreographer, who had taught Markova what he calls "real snake hips stuff." Bradley has also tutored such experts as the Astaires and Jack Buchanan, and new stars like Audrey Hepburn.

Bradley's academy, only a stage breadth from Piccadilly, attracts as varied a collection of

The "real snake hips stuff" needs grace and precision, and a mirror helps to correct faults. Athletes as well as dancers visit Buddy Bradley

clients as can be found in the entertainment world. Vivian Blaine, the star of the musical comedy *Guys and Dolls*, goes there to study. So do dozens of young hopefuls who have yet to face their professional audition. One Bradley graduate became the stage and screen actress Googie Withers; she still goes back to keep in trim. A bowler-hatted city solicitor, a professional boxer and even McDonald Bailey drop in to learn rhythm and footwork.

For more than half his life Bradley, a five foot nine inch expatriate from Alabama, has been working out steps to fame for dancers in Britain, America and Europe. Flo Ziegfeld employed him on Broadway; C. B. Cochran imported him to London; he also staged the dances for the Folies Bergère in Paris. Today, in addition to his teaching, he does choreography for TV shows like *Shop Window* and *Café Continental*.

Children Invent New Steps

Bradley's speciality is dancing in the jazz idiom, a style he picked up almost naturally along the route from Alabama to Shaftesbury Avenue. "The intricacies and new rhythms of modern tap dancing," he says, "are thought out and developed by children on the street corners of New York City." It is no coincidence that Bradley himself spent part of his youth on New York streets. Orphaned at fourteen, he gravitated to New York and, by chance, found a room in a theatrical boarding house.

"Lack of open space in New York," he says, "forces the youngsters in certain districts to use street corners as playing grounds. Space is restricted, so tap dancing is the solution. What is done by these children today becomes the rage of variety and dance halls tomorrow."

When Bradley was a youngster, the street corner vogue was a particularly vigorous dance that eventually arrived on the stage and in dance halls as the Charleston. The orphan boy wiggled his way to success on the Charleston craze; at twenty he was established as a New York dancing master with as many as a thousand pupils a week.

Among the students in Bradley's New York studio was the ballet dancer, Anton Dolin, then appearing in America. Later, Dolin brought Markova to Bradley for lessons in boogie-woogie dancing. "Ballet dancers," Markova declared recently, "should have a knowledge of other styles of dancing."

One result of the friendship between Bradley and Markova was a modern jazz ballet he composed for her. Called *High Yellow* and featuring what the choreographer terms "boogie stuff with a little tap," it was performed for ballet enthusiasts at the Camargo Society in London. Markova and Frederic Ashton took the principal parts. Spike Hughes wrote the music.

"We asked Sir Thomas Beecham to conduct," Bradley says with a grin. "But he declined."

Ninety Expensive Seconds

C. B. Cochran first brought Bradley to London in 1930 to arrange dances for the successful musical comedy, *Evergreen*. And, working for Cochran, Bradley learned the meaning of extravagance. For *Evergreen*, the producer decided to stage a Spanish fishing village scene complete with the ceremony of blessing the boats. To ensure accuracy, he imported a Catalonian dancing master, who agreed to travel to London only if Cochran would pay the expenses for his family of nine. Complete with family and national costumes, the Spaniard arrived in London to stage a dance that was to occupy only ninety seconds of the programme.

"Then the fun began," Bradley recalls. "Apart from the language problem, the girls found it extremely difficult to do the traditional Catalonian steps, so I had to modify them."

For a Cochran show, Bradley had to do the choreography for sixteen chorus girls, sixteen Tiller girls, sixteen chorus boys and sixteen show girls. The sixteen chorus girls and their chorus boy partners were used in the opening number, but for the finale Bradley had to work out rhythms and movements for the lot.

Buddy Bradley pupils watch him rehearse a number with Vivian Blaine. Parents often bring their children to the Bradley school. James Mason did, but his four-year-old daughter had other ideas

Where possible, he arranges his dances after listening to the music, but occasionally he has had to work before the tunes have been composed. In such a case, Bradley is provided with dummy music, not necessarily written by the composer, but having the rhythms that will be included in the final score.

Bradley worked without a completed score when he swung Scottish tunes for Cochran in a revue called *Highland Swing*. The dance director worked out the music with a pianist before the composer started work. Bradley then drilled his chorus girls, who were clad in Northumbrian kilts so as not to offend Scots who might have taken umbrage at a jazz treatment of "Annie Laurie" by kilted chorines.

Choreographers work out dancers' movements in great detail, and Bradley has been especially careful ever since he himself fell ten feet on stage. The scene involved Jack Buchanan, who was following Bradley in a dance that reached its climax on top of a rostrum. When the pair reached the top, the stage blacked out, Bradley failed to stop, and, in total darkness, dropped to the stage. Buchanan stopped just in time—"or he might have been seriously hurt," says Bradley. "Me, I'm just lucky."

Rostrums gave Bradley considerable trouble when he staged an edition of the Folies Bergère in Paris, but the stage properties were not as troublesome as the girls themselves. Bradley was given a troupe of English chorus girls who danced, a troupe of French girls who only posed in the nude, and a group of German girls who both posed and danced. Fortunately, the Folies allowed three months for rehearsal—time for Bradley to pick up enough French and German to handle the cast.

Television gives rise to another problem—that of working in a restricted space and, at the same time, making full use of the cameras. TV dances must be arranged so that there is never a vacant spot in the centre of the screen, and usually it is preferable to use a small group of girls so that their faces can be seen. Big ensembles can be used satisfactorily only if there is an overhead camera.

Bradley now divides his time between training a group of modern dancers and giving individual instruction. McDonald Bailey turned up at the dancing academy because he believed that Bradley's style of dancing would improve his running performance. According to Bailey, runners as well as dancers need rhythm, and dancing lessons help him to use his hands in co-ordination with his footwork.

Solly Cantor, a young Canadian boxer, took instruction for another reason. He thought that dancing would improve his footwork, thereby giving his hands a better opportunity to damage his opponents.

Hugh Hastings, who wrote *Seagulls Over Sorrento*, came to Bradley shortly after the play opened. "You never know when dancing may come in handy," said Hastings. "This writing business is unpredictable." The author was right. What he had failed to predict was the success of his own play, now in its fourth year in London. When its success became obvious, Hastings gave up dancing lessons.

Doctors Order Dancing

Some students come to Bradley on their doctor's advice. Athletes with torn cartilages find tap dancing helpful after operations, and one of Bradley's most celebrated clients, Googie Withers, took up dancing because her legs were bandy.

As the successful mentor of stage and screen stars, Bradley is frequently cornered by mothers who are sure of their children's latent ability. Bradley does instruct some children—he runs classes for their mothers in an adjoining room—but first of all he insists that the child comes to his studio and expresses its own desire to be a dancer.

A few months ago, James Mason telephoned Bradley about his daughter, Portland. "She loves to dance," declared the proud father, "and she seems to prefer jazz to any other music."

"Bring her along to a class," said Bradley, "and let her decide for herself."

Soon afterwards, young Miss Portland Mason, aged four, appeared at Bradley's academy. She listened to the blaring jazz records and watched the shuffling, wriggling students of boogie-woogie. In less than five minutes she made up her mind. "I'm not going to be a dancer," she announced. "I'm going home."

"The kid had the right idea," Bradley says. "She'll have a lot more fun playing than at dancing lessons. After all, it was kids at play who discovered modern tap dancing." THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Jim heard a quiet voice at his side say: "I'll take that vacant seat." He slewed round in his chair. It was his wife. For a moment, he was too astonished to move

The Lallapalooza

by ***FRANK O'ROURKE***

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

The bar was suddenly quiet. No woman had ever played poker here before. But Emma was no ordinary woman. She was staking her home on five cards

MY GRANDMOTHER played a vicious card game called cassino with her grandchildren, and always took her nightly nip of brandy before going to bed. My earliest memory of her is seeing her in bed, white nightcap snug over her blonde hair, beckoning me from the doorway and saying, "All right, one for the money."

I kissed her good night, and then she opened her large handbag and took out a deerskin-covered flask and a gold shot glass set with rubies, poured her nightly nip and downed it with graceful precision. Then she smiled and said: "Good night, James."

I said: "Good night, Grandma," wanting badly to stay and see how she managed her long-tailed nightcap; but she always turned off the lamp and forced me to retreat.

Grandma came to Nebraska in the eighties and worked with Grandpa through those early years, making their farm the show place of the county. I wondered often how, in such a steady sort of life, she managed to acquire the gold-and-ruby glass. And one night, on my fifteenth birthday, she told me. . . .

In the mid-eighties, Grandpa and Grandma worked hard around the endlessly changing seasons, building up their farm. They owned bottom hay land and good meadow and fine crop ground; and they were just five miles from town, which was too close for Grandpa's good. Grandpa enjoyed a good political argument, a poker game and a drink.

One summer, with the cultivating done and the threshing finished, there was a slack time until fall corn picking. Grandpa was working in the cottonwood grove along the river, half a mile from the house, and he began sneaking into town for a glass of beer and a game of pitch. One afternoon Grandma visited the cottonwood grove and found the bucksaw leaning against the cutting stump.

WHEN Grandpa came home for supper, having worked up a fast sweat, Grandma said: "Have a good day?"

"Fine," Grandpa said. "Cut two cords."

"I canned the elderberries," Grandma said. "I made butter and beat the featherbeds."

"Our work is never done," Grandpa said piously.

"My work!" Grandma said. "How much did you win today?"

Grandpa was washing his face and spoke through his wet fingers without thinking: "Dollar and a half."

"Two cords of wood!" Grandma said. "Now you listen to me, James. . . ."

Grandpa was a big man with curly brown hair and red cheeks and laughing eyes. Grandma weighed a hundred and five pounds. But when she started on him, Grandpa shrank rapidly. He dried his face and listened meekly while she read the riot act and made him promise to quit playing cards.

Grandpa let her run down before he said quietly: "Now, Emma. Nothing's wrong with a little game of pitch."

"And how many beers?"

"Two," Grandpa said with dignity. "And I'm way ahead with my work."

"That's not the point," Grandma said. "You're sneaking into town two and three times a week, not counting our Saturday shopping."

"Not that often," Grandpa said.

"Don't lie to me," Grandma said. "If you keep going into town and playing that harmless little game of pitch, they'll pull you into that poker game and then what will happen to this farm?"

"No," Grandpa said firmly.

"I won't tell you again," Grandma said. "Once is enough for a grown man."

Grandpa grinned behind her back. He knew he wouldn't play poker or drink too much, and life without a little play was dull. As the summer passed, Grandpa sneaked into town twice a week and played pitch with his friends and had a beer or two, and nothing was hurt. But one day in September he took a wagonload of pigs to town and made a good sale to a new commission man, and stopped by the Antlers Saloon with him for the customary drink that bound the sale.

Some men were playing poker at the big back table, sitting in their shirt sleeves under the green-shaded lamp, and the cards were slipping around, and the chips were clacking, and Grandpa could hear their talk as he stood at the bar.

ED MACCAULEY, the saloon-keeper, looked around and called: "Seat open, Jim," but Grandpa shook his head and looked studiously at the cash register.

The commission man said: "Let's show these dudes how, Jim."

"Too late," Grandpa said. "Got to start home."

"It's only one o'clock," the commission man said. "Let's give them a whirl for a coupla hours."

Grandpa thought of his single days when he was considered the best poker player in the district. MacCauley was banking a no-limit game

The flask was deerskin, the gold shot glass set with rubies. She poured herself a generous nip

with a ten-dollar buy in, a steep game for anybody, but Grandpa had played in bigger games many times. But that, he chose to forget, was before he married Grandma and came to Nebraska and bought the farm.

"Come on," the commission man said, "let's sit in, Jim."

"Oh, let him alone," MacCauley laughed. "You know these henpecked husbands."

"I'll sit in for two hours," Grandpa said stiffly.

Grandpa bought twenty dollars' worth of chips and played cautiously against his unfamiliar opponents. And suddenly it was five o'clock and he'd had three drinks, won fifty dollars and had to start home. He bought a round of drinks and drove fast for home, chewing mint leaves to take the liquor off his breath, and feeling the fifty dollars in his pocket, the easiest money he'd made in three years.

He came to supper with a big smile and presented Grandma with the hog cheque and was complimented for making a good deal.

Then Grandma said: "You've been drinking."

"You know those commission men," Grandpa said. "You have to take one with them."

"Took you long enough," Grandma said.

"I got to talking crops," Grandpa said. "What do we have for supper?"

That was on Saturday. The next morning after church, while Grandma was talking with her friends, a neighbour came over and nudged Grandpa.

"Hear you took the boys into camp yesterday."

"Oh sure," Grandpa said. "I got a top price for the hogs."

"Hogs?" the neighbour said.

Grandpa's elbow took him in the ribs, and the neighbour grinned and said: "Yeah, you did get a fine price, Jim."

Grandma turned and said sweetly: "It's time to go, James," and Grandpa went meekly to the buggy and drove for home, feeling the stiffness in Grandma as she sat primly beside him.

But she didn't say anything, and Grandpa decided she hadn't heard.

The next week he managed an excuse to visit town, and he won by forty dollars and came home feeling that he was the best poker player in the valley. He hid the money in the barn and, because he dared not buy Grandma a present then, decided that come Christmas he'd really surprise her.

It was a beautiful Indian summer, with mild days in which the leaves turned slowly, and the light frost appeared on the grass in early dawn. Grandpa and the hired man picked their corn—they had two hundred acres—and it went thirty bushels to the acre. Grandpa kept two thousand bushels for feed and sold the surplus in town: and that day, by three o'clock, he had won two hundred dollars in the poker game.

And then, all at once, his luck changed. When he left for home he had lost all his winnings and two hundred dollars of his own money. It seemed that every time he got a good hand, Ed MacCauley had a better and was looking down his throat, raising and then grinning in such a way that Grandpa had to call.

Grandma had a good deal of shopping to do the next Saturday. She stopped at the bank to cash a cheque and asked to see their statement. Then she knew that two hundred dollars had disappeared somewhere. She knew what the corn had brought, what their balance had been the week before, and when she asked for the cancelled cheques she found one made out to cash and endorsed by Ed MacCauley.

Grandma got mad then. All the way home she talked brightly and did not let on, but she thought of the work it took to pick corn and fix fence and break sod and make a living. It was too much labour to be squandered foolishly. That night, after the hired man had gone to bed, she said: "A good year, so far, James."

"Very good," Grandpa said.

"But hard work," Grandma said. "We put a dollar's worth of sweat into this land for every dollar we take out. Isn't that true?"

"Yes, that's true, Emma."

"Well," Grandma said, "you must think money grows on trees."

"What do you mean?" Grandpa said uneasily.

"Two hundred dollars," Grandma said, "tossed to the birds."

"Now——" Grandpa said.

"Don't give me your blarney," Grandma snapped. "I had to cash a cheque, and I always look at our balance from habit. You've been playing poker."

"Just a little pitch," Grandpa said.

"Pitch!" Grandma said. "At two bits a game and five cents a set? And you lost two hundred dollars? You've been in the Antlers with MacCauley and his slickers. Did they give you the old come-on before they fleeced you?"

That made Grandpa mad, for he allowed no one to run down his poker playing. He slapped the table and said: "I had a little bad luck. I'll win it back next time."

"Next time?" Grandma said.

"Now, Emma," Grandpa said. "Can't a man play a little cards now and then?"

"No," Grandma said. "If you play out here with your friends, all right, but don't give me that argument about getting to know a man better when you hunt and play poker with him. I don't need to hunt with MacCauley and his tribe to know them."

"I'm doing the work," Grandpa said. "I can spend a little of my own money."

"So you're going back?"

Grandpa was angry and stubborn. He said, "Yes, if I feel like it, once in a while."

"Very well," Grandma said. "It's time for bed."

She did not mention the game and Grandpa finally convinced himself that he had won the argument.

Late in November, he took six old sows into town and sold them to the commission man. Then they went to the Antlers for the customary drink; and there were the poker players, and suddenly Grandpa was sitting in the game.

Four hours later he started home, a thousand-dollar loser, wondering how it had happened. He could never explain such a loss to Grandma. The only way out was to keep his nerve and win it back—which philosophy, as even Grandpa knew, was the first downward step for any poker player.

That night Reverend Sorensen and his wife came over and played five hundred, and Grandpa suffered through the game while Reverend Sorensen won all the honours.

When the Sorensens had gone home, Grandma poured more coffee and said: "We've almost three thousand in the bank, James. I've been figuring this last week. We should buy the old Nelson place north of us. I think we can close the deal for a good price."

"Maybe we ought to wait," Grandpa said. "Might have a bad year, Emma."

"Bosh," Grandma said. "One bad year won't break us and the land is going up in price."

"I'll think about it," Grandpa said.

He thought about it all that night and the next week, thinking what would happen the next time Grandma went to the bank. He had to win his money back.

One day in early December he said: "Thought I might run into town and see about that Nelson quarter."

"Good," Grandma said.

Grandpa congratulated himself on carrying it off. He took the saddle horse and cut the dust for town, feeling a winning streak in his very bones. He wandered into the Antlers and refused a drink from the commission man—who seemed to be there all the time—because now he wanted to stay clear-headed.

MacCauley said: "Get your feet wet?"

"Don't mind if I do," Grandpa said. "But I'm out for blood."

"Good for you," the commission man said, standing behind Grandpa's chair. "Go get 'em, Jim."

"Break out a new pack," Grandpa said.

He bought three hundred dollars' worth of chips, and opened his collar, and hunched forward under the shaded lamp, playing his cards as they came.

Four hours later, at five o'clock, he was a six hundred loser and wondering what he should do.

"Bet," he growled, and then he heard a voice at his side say: "I'll take that vacant seat."

He slewed round in his chair. It was Grandma. She wasn't looking at him, but at Ed MacCauley. For a moment he couldn't say anything; then he jumped to his feet.

But MacCauley spoke first. "Ma'am," he said. "You can't . . . we can't. . . ."

"Why not?" Grandma asked. "Isn't this an open game?"

"Yes," MacCauley said. "But ladies. . . ."

"James, sit down and close your mouth," Grandma said. "Mr. MacCauley, if this game is good enough for him, it is good enough for me. I want five hundred dollars' worth of chips."

Then Grandma pulled out the empty chair, seated herself at the table and tossed five hundred dollars at MacCauley. "Well," she said. "Give me my chips and deal."

Grandpa knew that Grandma could play poker, for her father, back in Wisconsin, had taught her; and he himself had taught her more in their games at home. But this was different, and he was so ashamed that he did not realize the enormity of Grandma's sin until MacCauley had counted out her chips and dealt the cards. One of the players made a move to cash in, and

Continued on page 36

PEARL BUCK

THE author of *The Good Earth* and *Dragon Seed* has written a magnificent new long story. It is called

THE GOOD DEED OF MRS. PAN

and is the heart-warming story of a plain girl who yearned for a husband. It will appear, complete

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Quarrell the cave man hunts treasure—and hides it

by JACK ATACK

Charles Quarrell burrows deep into the earth to seek buried gold, or find a safe place for vintage wines. Cave exploring is dangerous, nerve-tearing work, but often he does it for fun

ONE SATURDAY AFTERNOON last summer a tall, heavily built speleologist named Charles Quarrell and a colleague let themselves down into a familiar cave at Godstone, Surrey. They had slowly edged their way for about a quarter of a mile underground when Quarrell collapsed. The other man dropped his torch and was dragging his companion along when he, too, lost consciousness. A few minutes later they came to, and struggled together to the exit.

"The cave was firmly constructed and well ventilated," recalls Quarrell. "But a farmer had lit a bonfire at the other end of the galleries. The smoke had seeped down a hidden opening and left dangerous fumes behind."

At sixty, Quarrell has spent two-thirds of his life as a cave-explorer and is used to getting into tight corners underground. Professionally and for pleasure he has descended into several hundred caves and quarries, known and unexplored, all over England and Scotland.

During the war he stored wines and spirits worth £2 million in old workings and, for safety, stacked away £20,000 worth of national valuables. He has also stored bottled snakes for the British Museum, nursing records and insulin for London hospitals, and even international ethnological data for the Society of Human Heredity. With a friend, James Geary Gardner, Quarrell helped to train the Surrey air raid shelter staff and organized the housing of fifteen thousand civilians in Chislehurst Caves, Kent. In recent months, he has been investigating hundreds of rumours and legends of buried treasure in the British Isles.

Motives apart, Quarrell likes cave exploring for its own sake. "People don't climb mountains for what they can find on the way," he says. "Speleology is mountaineering in reverse —with the added thrill of working sometimes in complete darkness."

Recently, Quarrell and a colleague took a mutual acquaintance into some old workings near the south coast, then switched off their electric lamps and stood three feet away—in silence. "We refused to answer his frantic shouts," Quarrell says. "Now, if he hears anyone talk about being afraid of the dark, he just laughs."

For his explorations, Quarrell usually wears

Alma Woolf and Margaret McInness, of the Rodney Rambling Club, are guided through Chislehurst Caves. Charles Quarrell leads the way

Even experts can lose their bearings, so well-mapped caves are chosen for schoolboy tours. James Gardner (with lantern) was once lost on a spy-hunt

A man's advice on what to give a man *this Christmas*

Coat by Michael

WOMEN START HERE

First, find out what your man hasn't got (ask, don't be shy). No *modern* lighter? Then you must get him a Christmas Ronson.

Nearly everyone who is anyone today boasts a Ronson. It's an essential, a beautiful, rich-looking gift, a gift that really makes sense to a man.

From 38/6. For young people there's also the fine Ronson Cadet, from 25/-

MEN ONLY THIS COLUMN

If your friend hasn't a *modern* lighter a Ronson is just about the best man's gift going.

Mechanically, it's the most perfect lighter ever made and it's so luxuriously finished that it makes the poorest of us look much richer than we are.

Pocket Ronsons from 38/6: Ronsons with retractable windshields from 43/6. For young people, Ronson Cadets from 25/-

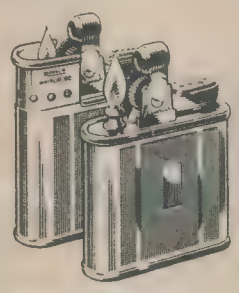
★ **IF HE HASN'T A MODERN LIGHTER . . .**

then give him a

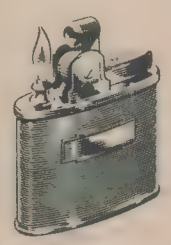
RONSON

★ *(and if* SHE *is always borrowing yours, remember that there's a corner of Ronson's heart that has been devoted for years to turning out the most elegant and feminine lighters for your lady, so get her one too.)*

Ronson Adonis, slim dress lighter, in engine-turned barley finish as shown, 50/-. Other finishes available.



Ronson Whirlwind, with windshield, ribbon engine-turned as shown, 50/-. Other finishes from 43/6.



Ronson Standard... jewellery-finished in satin chromium as shown, 38/6. Other finishes available.

See these and other lovely Ronson models at all good dealers.

For your own protection look for the trade mark RONSON ... world's greatest lighter

"Oh! . . . You've dried them, I see"

heavy studded boots, old clothes and a miner's helmet. He sometimes removes his spectacles, which get misty under the rapid temperature changes experienced below ground, and carries a compass, a block and tackle, a three-legged derrick and a windlass for going down old shafts. His ropes are made of pliable cotton and he also has a thousand candle-power lamp. For emergencies he takes a small flint, which gives ample light for guidance in the deep darkness of most caves.

Quarrell maintains that the greatest danger in exploring old workings comes from the pressure of thousands of tons of earth on the pillars and props, which gradually rot and give way. In fact, he has suffered only minor cuts and bruises from earth-falls. Once, when he was explaining some workings to a group of students, he turned suddenly, hit his head on a jutting rock and knocked himself out. "Since then," he says, "I rarely go below without a tin helmet."

During the spy scare in 1940, caves were sealed so that fifth columnists could not use them. It was reported that one cave, nicknamed Baldwin's Folly, had been illegally opened. Local people told how they had seen strangers going in with sacks on their backs. Quarrell and Gardner were called and, with a policeman and two friends, began the investigation.

The two speleologists made the descent together, armed with shotguns and two heavy iron bars. As they went along they came across old tin cans and refuse in corners and alcoves —but no spies. Emboldened, they went farther. Soon, Gardner now admits, they were hopelessly lost in the labyrinth. "We wandered round like rats in a trap for hours before we blundered across the opening. By that time we'd have kissed a German if we'd seen one."

Boy Showed The Way

For Quarrell, cave spotting involves intuition, map-reading, digging among dusty documents, aerial surveys and the investigation of local legends. Usually, he seeks out the oldest inhabitant.

Not long ago, however, he was using this technique on a group of retired miners without success when he spotted a wide-eyed boy on the edge of the crowd. When everyone had gone he beckoned the youngster. "Well, where is it?" he asked. The boy, for whom the cave was a personal discovery and a great secret, took him straight to the underground opening.

Generally, landowners co-operate with Quarrell. Once he went to investigate stories of vast workings at Merstham, under the estate of Sir Jeremiah Colman, the mustard king. The agent told Quarrell that he had never heard of any such caves. While searching around, however, Quarrell found a hole concealed in some bushes on the fringe of a field. He slithered in and crawled along for about thirty yards. He came on a larger space and, swinging his torch, saw that it was a chamber about sixty feet in length and forty feet wide. In a corner was a hole which led into a smaller chamber only three feet high.

He was just beginning to explore this when his torch failed. He had forgotten to take a flint and, in the darkness, he panicked. "Nobody knew I was there," he says. "Nobody knew the caves existed. It was four hours later that I came out—like a rabbit with a ferret after it. I sweated for hours afterwards."

Their special knowledge of the underground has made Quarrell and Gardner authorities on storage. During the war they converted dozens of caves and quarries into wine vaults. In one, they installed electric lights, telephones, burglar alarms, steel doors, pit ponies and a caretaker.

They mined another by wielding a pick and shovel every day for nine months. Often they were overcome with fatigue. Once, Quarrell got wedged in a narrow entrance and, due to physical exertion and fear, his body swelled. A group of his friends grabbed him by the arms and tugged. "He came out like a cork out of a bottle," says a witness, "but some of his clothes stayed behind." Since then, as a security measure, Quarrell has been on a strict no-potatoes diet and has lost four stone.

Clergyman Remembered

After one incendiary raid during the war, Quarrell and Gardner were asked to store valuable wines and spirits for the duration. Quarrell remembered hearing of vast workings in Surrey which he thought would be suitable. One report suggested that they were so large that a double-decker bus could be driven through the entrance. Quarrell persuaded a group of old local miners to visit the spot, but not one of them recognized it. What had been cornfields were now woods; main roads crossed meadow-lands.

Quarrell was about to give it up in despair when he heard of an aged clergyman who had lived in an old quarry house nearby. Prompted by Quarrell, he remembered that, as a boy, he had been ill in bed and had watched an old horse going down into the cave entrance. Quarrell took him back to the ruined quarry house, the old clergyman sat in the bedroom he had occupied as a child, looked out of the same window and, by signs, directed Quarrell to the hidden cave.

Shortly after Quarrell and Gardner had stored a large supply of French brandy in one series of caves, there were rumours that people were sneaking in at night. Checking up, Quarrell found that several bottles were missing, and he concluded that burglars were letting themselves down an old ventilation shaft about a hundred and twenty feet deep. Quarrell and Gardner decided to inspect it.

Gardner, the smaller man, was

lowered in a bosun's chair. Before he had gone far he shouted: "There's something here all right." Quarrell began to pull him up, but in his haste he got the supporting rope tied around an accompanying police officer as well as a tree. When the officer stepped forward to release himself, Gardner plunged down. There was a scream from the darkness. Frantically, Quarrell hauled his friend to the surface. He had landed on a heap of barbed wire. "It convinced us that burglars weren't getting in that way," Quarrell recalls.

Quarrell and Gardner often used to leave the wine-storage caves apparently tipsy. "I thought they were taking a few on the sly," says Quarrell's wife, Phyllis. "Then I realized what had happened. The porous limestone of the caves had become impregnated with wine fumes."

Quarrell can be nostalgic about old caves. "Once, when I went to visit a favourite series," he says, "I was amazed by the sudden change that had come over them. The walls were bearded with a fungus like pink candy floss, and the effect of the sun's rays striking it horizontally was dazzling. But the next time I went in, the sun and air had got at the fungus and the fairy-tale effect had crumbled away."

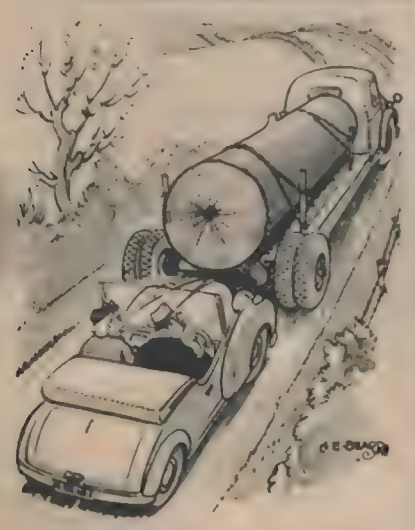
He remains puzzled, however, by the apparent health-giving properties of the "underground." More than twenty people suffering from asthma, bronchitis and rheumatism left the Chislehurst Caves shelter after spending nearly four war years underground and claimed complete cures. The average temperature was estimated at forty-five to fifty degrees Fahrenheit and the moisture content at ninety per cent. Quarrell and Gardner spent £120 to have the chalk of the caves analysed, but were assured that there was nothing unusual about it.

Treasure In Tower?

Nowadays, Quarrell spends much of his time at the British Museum. Recently he was browsing through books on the Tower of London when he was struck by a passage that described a part of the Tower where a treasure valued at £40,000 is said to be buried. Today it would be worth more than £250,000. The treasure was thrown into the "butter-tubs," according to one story, when Berkstead, Lieutenant of the Tower under Cromwell, fled from Charles II.

Officials gave Quarrell permission to test the area with a detector, and he located metal four feet down. But the authorities refused to let him excavate; they said that there was not enough evidence. Meanwhile, Quarrell is studying other legends about buried treasure, hoping that if he uncovers one trove, the Tower authorities will give him permission to go ahead.

He lives with his wife and black-and-tan dachshund, Willi, in an eighteenth-century house on the side of a hill in Blackheath. "He's very much at home here," says Phyllis Quarrell. "He even has a cave in his own back garden." THE END



"I still make it two hundred and forty *three* years old"

DETECTIVES IN KHAKI

Continued from page 13

into bracelets. She was, in fact, Leonard's walking bank.

Leonard's activities came to the notice of the S.I.B., and "wanted" posters were sent out for this soldier-deserter who carried a pistol strapped to his thigh, cowboy fashion. He was picked up through an informer and lodged in Bab-el-Hadid barracks, Cairo.

Aspinall was sitting in the S.I.B. Alexandria headquarters one day in 1942, meditating on the arrest of this Alexandria deserter, when a call came from Cairo. "Leonard's on the loose," Cairo said. "He's heading your way in a stolen Humber Snipe."

Aspinall immediately jumped in a car and drove to the Smouha district. The deserter's frightened wife admitted that he had been there. The sergeant-major noticed the golden amulets on her arm. Leonard, he reasoned, had no money, so he would be wanting to convert some of his wife's jewellery into cash. A warning was sent to all pawnbrokers with the request to advise the S.I.B. if Leonard were seen.

Came Out With Hands Up

Aspinall was back at home and sitting down to dinner when a pawnbroker in the Bacos district telephoned. "Lennie's here," he said, "I'll try to keep him as long as I can." Kay and Aspinall raced for a car and began a mad drive across Alexandria.

"We did it in five minutes," Aspinall recalls. "When we got to the pawnshop, Leonard and his wife were haggling with the pawnbroker. The shop had been designed with a narrow passage, wide enough for only one person. The wife was between us and Leonard. 'I'll come quietly for her sake,' he told us, and came out with his hands up. We took him back to the barracks."

In prison, Leonard's mind turned to new ways of gaining freedom. His wife was expecting a child, and he dearly wanted to spend Christmas at home. He wrote a letter to Colonel Claude Harper, head of the S.I.B. in the Middle East.

Harper had read the statements Leonard made after his capture. They contained enough detailed information about deserters and civilian thieves to make them sound authentic. In his letter, Leonard offered to prove his good intentions for the future by leading the police to the bosses of a large-scale arms-running racket.

No bargain was made—none could be—but instructions came from Cairo that Leonard was to be allowed out in civilian clothes so long as he was in the company of a detective who would pose as a fellow deserter. Not unexpectedly, Aspinall was nominated Leonard's escort.

Slipped Into Underworld

Aspinall is a big and powerful man standing more than six feet tall. He says, candidly, that the job had few attractions for him. Leonard himself was a muscular chap who had been an army P.T. instructor. The policeman was ready to take his chances in a fair fight with the deserter, but that was not the proposition. The plan was for Leonard to take Aspinall into the Alexandria underworld, where Leonard had friends who would not scruple at cutting a policeman's throat. Aspinall decided to take a chance.

One winter night the pair slipped out of Kom-el-Dik Barracks. They wore civilian clothes—Aspinall still has the same sports jacket, which he uses for gardening at his Guildford home. The two were on their own.

They headed for Leonard's home in the native quarter. The place was not elegant but, says Aspinall, it was no hardship to sleep there. They ate chicken and curry almost every day, and the detective's sweets won him the friendship of nine-year-old Mary, who was Leonard's sister-in-law.

The next day, the two men set out to make contacts. They sipped coffee in one café, played backgammon in another. The policeman learned to smoke the hubble-bubble pipe in order

"Smooth" IS THE KEY WORD

says STANLEY MATTHEWS

"It is smooth ball control and timing that score goals and win points" says the most bewilderingly skilful soccer player the world has ever known.

And "SMOOTH" is the word for Craven 'A'

Smooth to the lips

The firm feel of cork between your lips when you light a Craven 'A'. Cork that cannot stick, cannot slip, that keeps the end of the cigarette firm and dry.

Smooth to the taste

The cork tip of a Craven 'A' keeps it cool and easy-drawing—keeps its taste rich and smooth to the very end.

Smooth to the throat

The fine tobacco of Craven 'A', the clean freshness of a cork tip, give you smoking that's smoother to your throat than any you've ever known.

Every Craven 'A' smoker enjoys fine cigarettes made smoother by cork

Smooth to the lips... *Smooth* to the taste... *Smooth* to the throat

not to draw attention to himself while sitting with a circle of Arab underworld characters. "I had to take care," he says, "not to inhale when they put the hashish in the bowl."

One day, as they sat in a squalid café playing backgammon, Leonard nudged his companion. "Don't look up," he whispered, "but we have to get out fast."

Aspinall could not argue. When they got into the street, the deserter said he had seen an Arab recognize the detective. "I didn't like it," Aspinall says. "It was only necessary for Leonard to nod his head in some of those places and it would be bad for me."

The detectives were doubtful of Leonard's ability to produce an arms gang. Every night Aspinall reported at the barracks in person, or telephoned with a report of the day's activities. Leonard would never admit not knowing the arms gang, but he finally said: "Tell the governor we'll go after a docks gang first."

Helped To Rob Docks

The docks gang was an easier proposition. Leonard soon got in touch with a group of thieves and insinuated himself and Aspinall into their confidence. The gang wanted an army lorry for their work. "I'll fix that," Leonard assured them. In fact, Aspinall did the fixing by arranging for the use of an S.I.B. vehicle. The pair made it appear that they had stolen it.

Aspinall got enough information about the area where the stolen goods were to be taken to arrange for a police patrol to be within range. He also asked for a man to patrol the area on a motor cycle.

The Arabs organized the raid. Their confederates, working among the dockers, selected the cargo to be looted. Leonard and Aspinall had no idea what they were to steal, although they were picked to do the actual theft. They were told where to go and when, and where to take the load. Everything was arranged for the week before Christmas. Then Leonard had an attack of malaria.

It looked as though weeks of patient work were to be wasted. However, Leonard himself was determined to catch the gang. His Arab wife nursed him back to health until he was strong enough to sit inside the cab of the lorry alongside Aspinall. The two put on uniform for the job, and just before noon one day they drove through Number Six gate into the docks. There was no military supervision at the gate. The Egyptian policeman did not bother to check either the men or the "stolen" lorry.

Two porters and two labourers who belonged to the gang were waiting on Number Six quay. Aspinall drove to where they stood. In a few minutes the whistle went for the meal break and the dockers began knocking off.

Police Lay In Wait

The gangsters calmly walked over to a huge pile of tremendous bales of cloth. They lifted three of these long rolls on to Aspinall's lorry, and gave him the signal to go. Again the military uniforms were enough to bluff the guard at the gate.

Driving along, Aspinall had the satisfaction of knowing that his confederates at the docks were in the arms of the S.I.B. Waiting for the load to be put on the lorry, the detective had spotted his police colleagues as they lay in wait. But he was worrying about what would happen next. Then he saw Joey Baker, an S.I.B. man, patrolling the street on his motor cycle. It was Baker's job to maintain contact between the stolen lorry and the squad detailed to make the final arrests at the warehouse.

The gangleader had given Aspinall an address in a back street. When he stopped there, two men were trying to open the warehouse door. "It had never seen oil on its hinges," Aspinall says. "They couldn't budge it. There was a hurried consultation, and it was decided we would try another place."

Fortunately, Baker was hanging on to the lorry's trail. At the new rendezvous, mule carts were waiting. While the loot was being transferred, Aspinall strolled away as nonchalantly as he could. Around the corner he found Baker and told him the change of plan. The motor cyclist sped off, and in a matter of minutes the police squad was on the scene.

At the police station the six Arab gangsters volubly maintained their innocence. They said they were only helping two soldiers. Then Aspinall entered in his proper uniform as a company sergeant-major of the S.I.B. "That," he says, "was enough to take the wind out of their sails."

Leonard went back into the cells at Kom-el-Dik barracks. A week later he was allowed out on his own on condition that he would uncover another gang. When he failed to return, Aspinall was sent to find him.

The policeman went to his little nine-year-old friend, Mary; she led him to where her brother-in-law, the deserter, lay unconscious after a drinking bout. He had broken his parole. Aspinall arrested him again and Leonard at last went before a court-martial to be convicted and sentenced.

NEXT WEEK: Lieutenant Farrow traps a drug-running major

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

FOR years, Stella had been housekeeper to Mr. and Mrs. Simpson. She was cheerful and conscientious, and Mrs. Simpson—for long a semi-invalid—often said how grateful she was for Stella's care. Mrs. Simpson showed her gratitude in her will, for when she died she left Stella £7,000 in stocks and shares.

There was a condition attached to the legacy. Stella benefited "provided she continued in the service of" Mr. Simpson. In other words, Mrs. Simpson wanted to make sure that Stella would look after her husband in his widower days. If Stella did this, she would receive her considerable legacy after Mr. Simpson's death.

Stella stayed on as Mr. Simpson's housekeeper. After two years, however, both she and her employer found a growing affection for each other. They decided that marriage would bring more comfort, convenience and happiness to them both.

One day, Mr. Simpson suddenly remembered that the wedding might seriously affect Stella's rights under his late wife's will, because the legacy was dependent on her continuing in his "service."

On legal advice, he and Stella signed a deed. This document made rather a curious arrangement. After the wedding, Mr. Simpson would continue to employ Stella as his housekeeper at a salary of thirty shillings a week, until he died. Stella, for her part, agreed to carry on as housekeeper on those conditions.

They were married, and lived happily together for several years, still keeping to the terms of the deed.

Then Mr. Simpson died, and Stella claimed the £7,000 left to her in Mrs. Simpson's will. To her dismay, she faced strong objections from those who would be entitled to her share if she failed to qualify for it.

The objectors took the matter to court. "The first Mrs. Simpson never dreamed that her husband would marry his housekeeper," they insisted. "She was obviously thinking of them as employer and employee. Her will was providing for Stella's old age after a lifetime of serving Mr. Simpson as housekeeper."

They added that a wife could not possibly be a servant, because it is a wife's duty to perform household tasks, and these activities are not the sort that can be covered by an agreement like a deed.

And by marrying Mr. Simpson Stella had gained all the rights of a widow to share in his estate—which the first Mrs. Simpson had certainly not visualized when she made the will.

Stella answered by stating the facts. A wife can legally make a contract with her husband, she argued, and she herself had fulfilled the condition of the will by keeping house. Being married made no difference at all.

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, see page 29

'SANTA CLAUS SPEAKING'—FROM TWOPENCE-A-CALL CITY

Continued from page 15

than three thousand callers from Britain and the Continent asked for the Santa Claus number.

Trunk calls reach Hull through the facilities of the G.P.O. Hull makes no profit on long-distance calls and, in addition, pays the Post Office an annual royalty—last year, £30,235.

Like many other places, Hull was originally serviced by a private enterprise known as the National Telephone Company. Public criticism of this service at the beginning of the century was accompanied by the suggestion that improvements could be made if an element of competition were introduced. Several cities, including Hull, decided to compete with the National Telephone Company—with unforeseen results. With two competing telephone services, it was necessary to rent two telephones instead of one, and to consult two different directories.

The State Took Over

In the midst of this chaos, Hull Corporation Telephone Department gave efficient and economic service. When the National Telephone Company was taken over by the State in 1912, the citizens of Hull demanded that all local telephones remain separate from the G.P.O. network.

The price was £192,243—a lot of money for one corporation to invest in telephones. But money was raised; the corporation received a twenty-year licence, which was renewed in 1932 for a further thirty years.

Today the two systems function in friendly co-operation. The G.P.O. is, however, conscious of the fact that Hull people pay less for their service.

The city's compact geography is an important factor in determining its lower tariffs. With the exception of London, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow, the G.P.O. tariff is standard throughout the country. Post Office spokesmen stress this, and explain that the standard tariff means that they may operate at a loss in one area and at a slight profit in another district where there are not so many technical problems.

There is a close bond between Hull's telephone department and its subscribers. When the B.B.C. stopped football broadcasts for a time, thousands of listeners in hospitals and institutions were deprived of their Saturday afternoon entertainment.

In Hull, at the request of the City Football Club and with the co-operation of a local rediffusion service, the telephone department started its own football commentaries. The programmes are piped into institutions and hospitals.

Park Music—By Phone

Music for Hull's parks is provided in conjunction with another corporation department. The parks committee selects recordings and the telephone department relays the music through loudspeakers erected in the city parks.

Hull had the first 999 calls outside London though, for technical reasons, the Hull call is 99. The city has pioneered mobile radio systems, and now has eight stations for the use of other city departments. The public cleansing service employs radio-equipped vehicles. Normally these are used for such night work as drain-flushing, but if ice forms on the roads they are diverted by radio telephone to tasks like laying grit.

Harris is also considering methods by which the telephone department could relay B.B.C. television programmes into subscribers' homes. "It is all a matter of making the best use of telephone equipment," Harris says. "We are sensitive to local needs, and at the same time we operate on sound business principles."

At the moment everything is being made ready for Santa Claus. After Christmas Eve, polite Hull operators will probably tell callers, as one did last year, "That number is unobtainable. We suggest you try again in twelve months' time." THE END

Have you discovered this *jewel* of the table?

Here's a luxury soup that all can afford

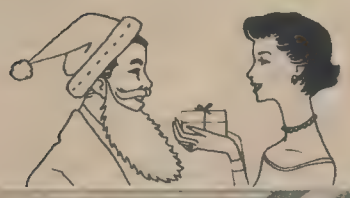
ITS NAME IS BATCHELORS CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP. Frankly, it's a luxury soup but it is worth remembering that it is so inexpensive that it's well within the reach of every family. It's made the old-fashioned way, packed with the goodness of plump tomatoes, delectable spices and heavenly flavourings whipped together and creamily thickened — very much richer and smoother than most soups we're used to today. So next time you visit your grocer's, instead of your usual "habit" purchase, why not give yourself this little treat? It will open your eyes to how good canned soups can really be when you choose carefully. So remember the name — Batchelors Cream of Tomato Soup — and do try it for yourself this week.

Batchelors WONDERFUL WONDERFUL
Cream of Tomato Soup

'B' for BATCHELORS WONDERFUL SOUPS *including Vegetable · Cream of Mushroom · Oxtail · Kidney*

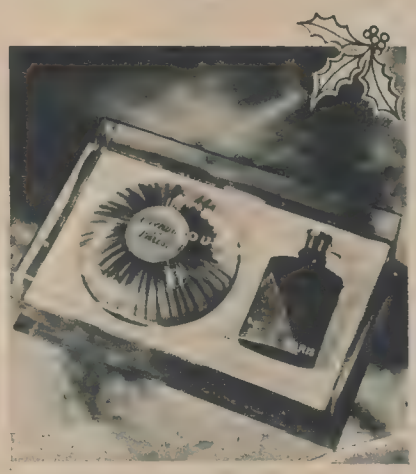
GIFTS of BEAUTY

to compliment a beauty



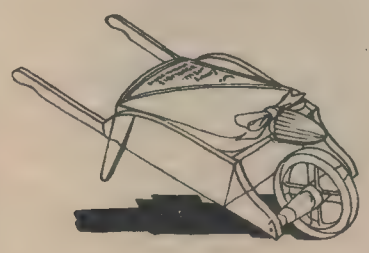
FLORIST'S KIOSK—6 floral fragrances in toilet soap **7/6**

LOVING CUP—holding the prize, "Endearing" perfume **5/3**



DUAL EXCITEMENT—"Evening in Paris" perfume and bath soap **4/6**

THE WINNING DOUBLE—"Evening in Paris" toilet soap and bath cubes **3/4**



WELCOME WHEEL-BARROW—carrying exquisite "Evening in Paris" perfume **4/6**

Complete Gift Selection from 3/3 to 12/11

ENDEARING and EVENING IN PARIS

by BOURJOIS

"Sorry, nobody here by that name. You must want the Antarctic"

THE MAN FROM THE TURKISH SLAVE

Continued from page 10

drifting with some current. The wallet in his back trouser pocket was rubbing and making him sore. The water moving under the front of his shirt made an irregular little popping sound. It was a friendly noise in the darkness.

Below him was probably something more than a mile of water. All he had to do was to raise his arms and go under, and that would be the end. And who, he thought angrily, would care a tuppenny damn? Nobody. He laughed bitterly to himself. He'd mucked this job up. Well, it was his last. And he had hoped for so much from it. He'd been happy—for the first time in years.

And now the finish to everything.

But the end of the second hour found him doubly opposed to the idea that it was going to end like this. In another two hours it would be morning. Something would happen then. He had looked at his watch—it was waterproof with a luminous dial—just after the lights of the Turkish Slave had disappeared. Two hours ten minutes he had been in the water. One fifteen when he had fallen overboard.

Fallen, that was a good word. He had walked straight into it. The thought made him angry, and in his anger there was strength. He was not going to go under.

But it was hard to keep anger going. At the end of the third hour his arms felt like lead and his hands were becoming sodden and pulpy. He was tiring, too.

A SLIGHT wind was stirring now. He told himself that it was a dawn wind. He remembered the times he had felt that freshness before daybreak, when the darkness seemed to yawn and turn over in bed, and he had waited for the first streak of greyness in the east. . . .

A tiny flirt of breeze slid through the night and slapped a ripple of water against his face. He went under swiftly as though he had been tugged from below, and he had to fight his way back.

He knew why he had sunk. Slap in the middle of his thoughts he had gone to sleep, and the weight of his waterlogged shirt and trousers had drawn him under. He could feel the need for sleep with him now. It was like another person alongside him in the water; an enemy who had to be watched.

The water no longer seemed warm. Now and again his teeth started chattering in swift spasms. His arms and legs were weary and so was his brain, and the dawn was never going to come. The wind was a false wind. Sleep took him again in snatches, but mechanically now he kept his legs and arms stirring, and with sleep came quick, vivid dreams.

A larger wave slapped into his face and wakened him. The last dream stayed with him. He had been sitting down in the mess of his last ship, a bowl of steaming Irish stew before him. The smell was with him still. He breathed deeply, holding it in memory. And then, suddenly, he knew it was not in his memory. *He could smell stew.* Out here in the waste of the South Atlantic, he could smell stew.

He drew at the air again and it was loaded with the smell. It came straight down-wind to him, rich, tangy and fantastic.

At once he was awake, alert and full of hope. He drew himself up, searching for a light, for some sign of a ship. He could see nothing, hear nothing. But he held on to his hope. Someone was cooking.

"Hallo, there! Ahoy there!"

He shouted and went on shouting. He put all his strength into his shouts, his voice roaring across the waters. He kept on shouting until his voice went suddenly hoarse and cracked and there was nothing but a croak coming from him.

The dawn was approaching now. Already the rich black pile of the sky was wearing thin. He kicked himself around in the water, watching the paling night, but hope was dying in him. Somewhere a ship had passed him . . . somewhere, in some galley, a cook was busy over his pots and there was a rattle of tin plates in the mess. . . . And here he was.

There was a singing and roaring in his ears, and he was tired of the whole miserable struggle. He lay there and stared at the sky, his hands paddling loosely against the water.

The grey sky brightened and he saw the familiar miracle of dawn sweep a great stroke of colour across the heavens.

The roaring in his ears increased. He shook his head against it but it persisted. Without warning he felt his body lifted and swung forward swiftly. His feet were sucked down and he was spun round violently. Before his eyes there was a mad seething and swirling of water, and the black, slime-coated shoulder of a rock lifted lazily from the turbulence and then dropped back.

The swell took Peter and swept him around the flank of the rock. But in that moment his despair went from him. Ahead of him was land—a soaring sweep of cliff and mountain slope, sharp-shadowed by the dawn light, rocks and grass bright under the

young sun. Land! It had been behind him all the time.

New life in him, he began to swim towards it. Ahead of him was a long, confused line of surf, soapy and violent, fanged with rocks from which streamed and coiled long seaweeds as the swell rose and fell. He knew now that the roaring in his ears had been the sound of beating surf. He found a new strength and fought his way forward.

The strong swell took him into the surf and rocks with a violence that swiftly turned his strength into a puny scrabbling to avoid being pounded to death. He was thrown up on to a slippery shelf, sucked back, rolled over and over and dragged deep down. He came up and was hurled forward down a smooth, marbled slope of sea and smashed into a boulder the size of a cottage. He reached out, twining his fingers into the fronds of seaweed that fringed the shining pate of the rock.

He hung on through two waves and then the third battered him and drew back, taking him with it. As he went he looked up, through a hissing spray of mist and foam.

THEN he saw the girl. She stood on a rock away to his left, a rock taller than the others, its crest stained white and yellow with lichen and seabirds' droppings.

He saw her for only an instant, and then he was under again, weak and limp, and the sea, finding no sport in one who no longer resisted, contemptuously spewed him to the surface. He looked up and saw the girl again. She was running towards the edge of the rock. She dived, a flash of brown and white against the strengthening morning light, and then was coming towards him with sturdy, splashing strokes.

She grabbed him, and then a wave took them, rolling them under in a confusion of arms and legs, a madness of churning green water. They came up and he felt her hands under his shoulders.

He heard her panting, felt the strong pull and tug of her arms, and vaguely knew that she was working him towards the beach, fighting the waves and skilfully using the long rolling swell as it set in-shore.

A few minutes later he was lying on the beach, dragged just clear of the water. He lay there, all in, his eyes shut, his head spinning, sucking at the air which his hungry lungs demanded. Only now, when he was safe, did he realize just how weak he had become.

With a great effort he sat up, opening his eyes. The girl stood by him, the water rolling from her arms and legs. She was just fastening the top of her skirt, which, was awry. Her white shirt clung tightly to her, and a red ribbon that had held her dark hair back was loose and trailed across her neck.

She said something in Spanish or Portuguese and pointed behind him. Then she reached down and helped him up.

They climbed a little path running up the cliffside and came out on a narrow grass plateau. A small tent was pitched to one side of it, and beyond the tent a flock of sheep lifted their heads and watched them

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 26, the judge agreed that when Mrs. Simpson was making her will she probably never imagined that, after she died, Stella would one day marry her husband. But her will had laid down only one condition. The deed under which Stella agreed to "serve" her husband was in many ways highly artificial, but it was valid and effective. Stella had fulfilled the will's condition and was entitled to the £7,000. *(This is the probable decision, based on actual cases.)*

"They've put MAGIC into RINSO's softer suds!"

all pretty for the party!

Doesn't young Sheila's Rinso-washed party frock look lovely! It's so crisply clean, so fresh and bright! As you can see from her expression, Sheila's Mother, Mrs. Stocker, is delighted at the result Rinso suds have given. "I just can't get over these suds—they must have put magic into them", she said. "They're so smooth—and I've never known suds last so long! But most important, they *always* give *such* wonderful results!"

SUDS THAT GIVE SUPERB RESULTS—that's what women want on wash-day. And that's why so many women use Extra Soapy Rinso. Yes, *Extra Soapy* Rinso—for Rinso has been made *even* better, *even* soapier!

Rinso suds are *real* suds that do a *real* job of work. They are so thorough and so smooth. They stay rich and active right to the end of your wash.

But the best thing about these wonderful Extra Soapy Rinso suds is the results they give! Your whites will be noticeably whiter, your coloureds fresh as new. And your woollens will be snugly soft. You'll be delighted with your whole wash. Yes, if you want the best wash-day results you must have Rinso!

... it's RINSO's magic suds that give you the best results!

R 307-455

HUDSON & KNIGHT LIMITED

So many people are keeping a sharp lookout all the time for Duncan products! It's a good idea to buy them whenever you see them — while you've got the opportunity.

DUNCAN'S CAROLS
round rich caramels thickly coated with milky chocolate. Price 5d.

DUNCAN HAZELNUT
sweet golden-roasted hazelnuts crowded into smooth, rich chocolate Price 6d.

DUNCAN'S MERROLS
rich extra buttery butterscotch — big bon-bons individually wrapped. Price 4d.

DUNCAN'S CAPITAL ASSORTMENT
rich delicious chocolates with a variety of choice centres. ¼lb. or ½lb. packs. Plain or milk.

IT'S A DELIGHT WHEN IT'S DUNCAN

W. & M. DUNCAN LIMITED, EDINBURGH

curiously. Two dogs left the sheep and came to sniff at Peter's wet trouser legs as he stood by the tent. There was a fire outside the tent and over it hung a black pot from which came the rich, familiar smell of stew. The girl went into the tent and brought him a blanket. He stripped off his shirt and trousers and wrapped himself in the blanket. He sat down and his eyes kept closing and his head dropping forward.

The girl held a deep tin full of stew towards him.

"No thank you. . . . I just want to sleep."

The tin was thrust into his hands.

He began to eat, and at once found he was ravenously hungry. The girl took his shirt and trousers and spread them on the grass. She came back and sat watching him.

"You are English or American, senhor?"

He looked up, surprised. "English."

With a touch of pride in her voice, she said, "I speak English well because of my father."

"Good. . . ." He was not really with her. The hot food and the weakness in him had brought a mist of sleep over his eyes.

She reached for the tin and took it from him as he nodded forward.

He smiled at her. He would have started to say something to mark his gratitude, was searching for the right words when sleep came down like a curtain. He had a hazy sensation of the girl putting something under his head and one of the dogs sniffing at his face . . . and then he was away.

WHEN Landers awoke, the air was full of the warm, grassy smell of a hot morning. From a bank of small, glossy-leaved shrubs with tiny red flowers behind the tent came a pungent, medicinal scent. A great cloud of sea-birds was wheeling and crying over the sea where he had struggled a few hours before. Inland, the rough slopes of a mountain rose to a long, jagged crest. The girl was on the edge of the plateau.

He pulled on his still-damp shirt and trousers and went across to her. She was holding a sheep down and clipping away part of the fleece which was matted with fly-blow. Her shirt, which had dried on her, was stained with sea-water. She looked up and he saw that she was beautiful in a wild, dark, untidy fashion. Her face was oval, the chin firm and a little pointed, a vigorous, purposeful chin, and her lashes were long over the warm, friendly eyes.

His divorce had left Peter with a casual, cynical attitude towards women. He liked a pretty girl, liked the company and the pleasure they gave to a brief shore leave, but he asked for no more. He had burnt his fingers once. He didn't mean it to happen again. But this girl had saved his life.

She stood up, gave the sheep a gentle prod with her bare foot and it bounded away, bleating indignantly. Peter faced her, feeling embarrassed, knowing the agony of searching for words to express gratitude.

"*Obrigado, senhorita. Muito obrigado.*"

She gave a little shake of her head and laughed, hugging her arms across her breast, her white teeth flashing.

"There is nothing to thank me for, senhor. I was glad to help."

"I forgot. You speak English. That's good. Well, you saved my life. . . . You must know how I feel."

"You are all right now, senhor?"

"Yes, thank you. But I'd like to know where I am."

"This is Alvaro."

"An island?"

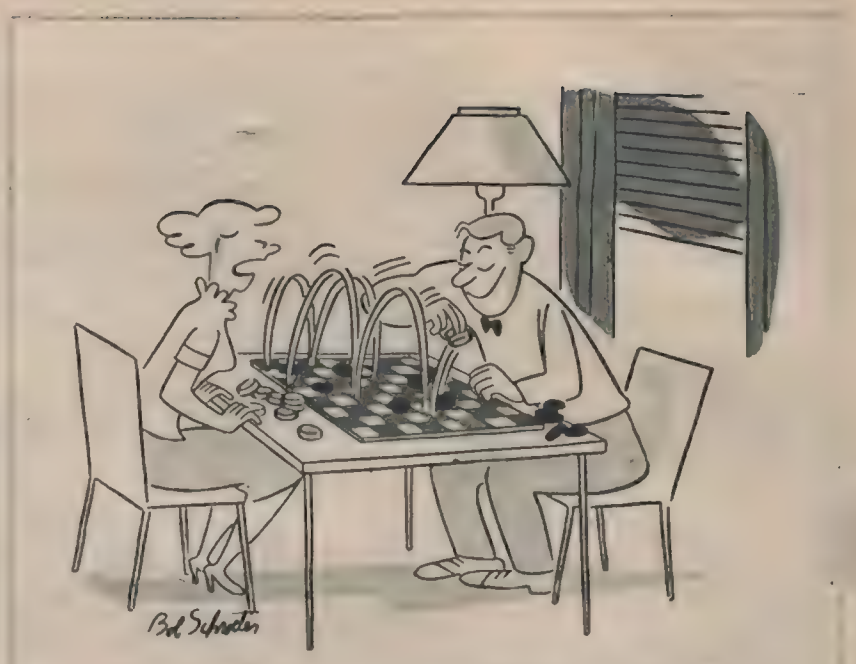
"Yes."

"How far is it from Brazil?"

"This *is* Brazil, senhor. But the mainland is a long way. Nearly two hundred miles."

"Is there a town here? Can I get a boat back?"

"There is only Portos Marias." She pointed up over the cliff slope towards the mountain. "The path will take you there in two hours. You are lucky, too, senhor. There is a boat



"You're not the same Desmond Dakers I married!"

today and then not another for a fortnight."

"What time does it go?" He glanced at his watch. It was ten o'clock.

"When it is ready, senhor. There is no other time. After lunch, maybe. The captain always eats at midday with Commere Grazia."

"Good." He pulled his wallet from his pocket. In it he had some English money and a twenty dollar bill which he had won in a poker game in the Slave. The American note was damp and limp and he tore it a little as he eased it out of the wet wallet.

The girl, watching him, said, "You do not say how you came to be in the water."

"It's a long story. I haven't enough time to go into it. . . . Here——" he gave her the note "—the next time you go to town buy yourself some nylons."

She took the bill and stared at it for a moment, smiling. And on impulse, feeling alive again suddenly in the sun, he bent and kissed her lightly. "Thank you for everything," he said gently.

He turned and began to make his way up the cliff. At the top of the slope, he turned and looked back at her. She was watching him. He raised a hand and she waved back to him. Then she swung round, shouted to her dogs and began to gather the sheep which had spread out over the plateau.

At the end of two hours he realized that the girl's estimate of the time it would take him to cross the island had been wrong. He was slowed down because of his bare feet, but even so he still had not cleared the mountain on the other side of which lay Portos Marias.

HE had come up over the cliff to find before him a well-defined path. At first, it curved around the lower slopes of the mountain through great stretches of myrtles, dropping steeply now and again to traverse deep ravines.

The floors of these ravines were dark, hot and filled with a rich vegetation of tree ferns, wild figs and flowered creepers. Land crabs scuttled from the path ahead of him with a rustling sound, then stopped and watched him go by, their great claws raised menacingly, the black, beady eyes obscenely alert.

Then for a while the lower slopes of the mountain flattened into a rough plain, broken with shrubs, long sweeps of thin grass and dried watercourses. He saw no signs of life except now and again small patches of cultivated land growing maize.

He was hot and sweaty very soon. A sharp stone cut into his right foot and he walked with a limp, cursing and impatient.

When he got to the top it was to find himself on the broken rim of an enormous crater. The mountain was an old volcano and the steep craggy inner sides of the crater dropped sharply away. It was a wild, ugly-looking place, a desert of long broken rock slopes, black cliff faces and great spreading moraines formed by the weathering tufa stone.

The path skirted the crest, then dipped, and, swinging round a shoulder of tall rock pinnacles, suddenly brought Portos Marias and the coast into view.

Peter stopped and looked down at it. From this height it was no more than a cluster of houses, a patch of open square and the thin line of a jetty thrusting out into the ragged circle of a harbour enclosed by a bent green finger of headland. There was a coastal steamer alongside the jetty, a tired plume of yellow smoke drifting up from her stack. At sea, just beyond the headland, he made out a handful of small fishing boats heading inshore.

THE path dropped sharply and soon became a rough road lined by small fields. By the time he was near the town, most of the fishing boats were through the harbour entrance.

The enclosed waters spread in a great circle, calm and blue. Below him, tall white and yellow houses huddled in an untidy sprawl around the three sides of a broad, palm-lined square that faced the harbour. They were large, well-built houses, their windows triple-arched, twisting columns at their doors, and the walls gay with bands and lozenges of bright tiles. Cut by narrow alley-ways and streets, the houses spread up the cliff-side, one roof peering over the top of another.

He came to the top of a steep street and, as he passed the first house, he heard the long-drawn hoot of a steamer. He hurried on.

At the foot of the hill he passed a church, built back into the cliffside. A priest was brushing down the shallow flight of steps that ran up to the immense portico. Black-robed against the shining marble, he raised a hand in greeting.

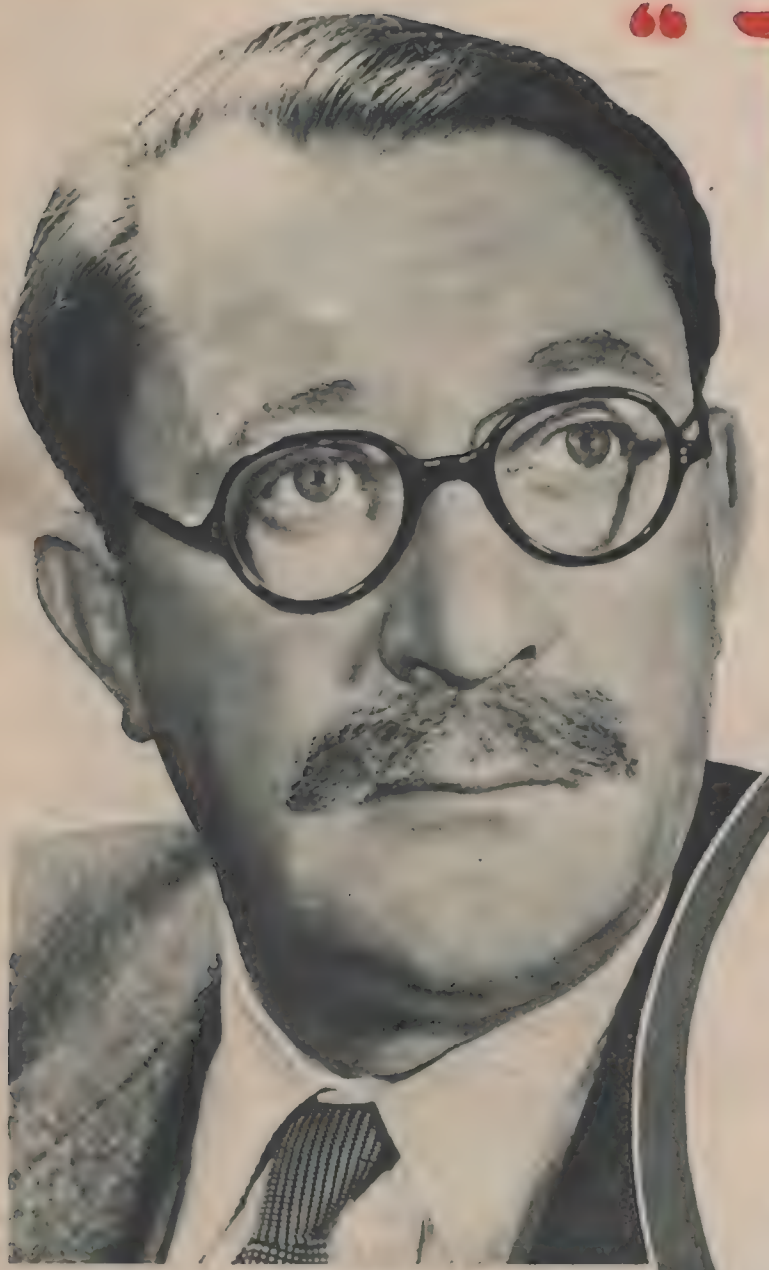
There were a few men and women moving about a square, but the jetty itself was crowded. Sheep were being driven up a wide gangplank to the foredeck of the coastal steamer and men were carrying aboard large cardboard cases. There was shouting and confusion and a great deal of laughter.

No one took any notice of him. He was barefooted, his shirt torn and his chin dark with stubble, but many of the islanders were no better dressed.

He looked up at a seaman hanging over the stern rail of the steamer, searched among the tag-ends of Portuguese he knew, and asked when

"This is the Pen for me!"

The new Scroll Automatic writes with a clarity unusual in Ball Pens.



GILBERT HARDING

Star of Radio and T/V, says

"I want a pen that writes QUICKLY, with no cap to remove, one that works at the touch of a button. Scroll Automatic appeals to me as the ***modern*** way to write."

For smooth effortless writing get a Scroll Automatic from your Stationer to-day. Made by Scroll Pens, Ltd., Teddington, Mdx.

Refills are available in Blue and Red ink

Scroll AUTOMATIC

BIGGEST VALUE!

5/9D

WHITEWAY'S WINE LIST

	Bottles	Ovals
RUBY and WHITE Good full-bodied wines	5/9 (*Splitlets 1/- incl.*)	8/3
BRITISH SHERRY Brown	5/9 (*Splitlet 1/- incl.*)	8/3
BRITISH SHERRY Pale Dry	9/6	—
GINGER or ORANGE WINE Full alcoholic strength	6/3 (*Ginger Wine Splitlet 1/- incl.*)	—

All the above wines are available in half bottles.

Whiteways is the word for WINE!

the boat sailed. He was told that it would be another hour.

He stood there, relieved. And now he was conscious that he was tired, hungry and thirsty.

"Where can I eat around here?" he asked the man.

The seaman jerked his head towards the square. "Grazia's."

He was about to turn and make his way back to the square when he saw the dog. It came trotting purposefully down the jetty towards him, its corkscrew tail flying jauntily, the black patch over its eye giving it a blackguardly swaggering air. It threaded its way through the crowd on the jetty and disappeared across the dusty square.

Peter stared after it, and a swift excitement rose in him.

This was the dog he had seen aboard the fishing boat which had been alongside the Turkish Slave. There was no doubt in his mind about it.

Most of the fishing boats were already in and had tied up alongside. Men were on the jetty, taking the plaited fish baskets as they were swung up, and loading them into donkey-carts. The dog must have come off one of these boats. He began to understand things. . . .

The fleet went out together, but during the night one boat slipped away to a rendezvous and then joined up with the fleet again to sail back to Portos Marias. There was no Customs here and he doubted whether there would be any Customs check on the fortnightly boat to the mainland. . . . It was easy. A backdoor into South America for thousands and thousands of pounds' worth of stolen European jewellery.

Suddenly the tiredness went from him. He stood there and ran his eye over the boats and he felt hard and determined. He was supposed to be dead. But he was alive and kicking. Marston and Rogers had given him a chance. So far he had been unlucky. But now . . . the more he could tell the man in São Paulo, the better it would be for him. This island was connected with the jewel-running. By staying here he might uncover the whole set-up.

He turned and walked from the jetty to the square, moving slowly under the stumpy palms. He had an hour to think things over.

HALF-WAY along the houses that fronted the square and the harbour was a long, flat-roofed, two-storey building with a raised open space before it. The space was set with tables and enclosed by a trellis-work over which grew vines and creepers. A sign read—BODEGA GRAZIA. Peter climbed three steps to the platform and sat down on a wooden chair.

Looking out across the dusty square, seeing the waiting steamer, the crowd about the fishing boats, hearing the small sea-breeze rustle the dried blades of the palms above him, Peter felt the excitement in him steady to a feeling of controlled exhilaration.

The men in Plymouth had put their trust in him. Here was a job that needed doing and it had fallen right into his lap. And now, at this moment, he was the only man in the world who could do it. But how the devil could he stay without exciting comment?

A voice behind him spoke. "Senhor?"

He turned. Standing by his table was a Negress. She was so fat that she seemed to have no legs at all. A voluminous cotton wrapper was draped about her body, which bulged and pressed against it so that it had the appearance of a spinnaker sail bellying out before the wind. It was none too clean and carried a startling design. A highly coloured Arc de Triomphe was planted in the centre of her stomach, the Empire State Building, upside down, occupied the run of one arm, and part of the Taj Mahal was crushed between her ample breasts. She wore a wide straw hat around the rim of which straggled faded calico flowers. She stood there smiling and her smile was as exuberant as the rest of her.

Peter gave her the first word of Portuguese he had ever learned. For the moment his appetite had gone. He wanted only a drink. "*Cerveja.*"

SHE gave a little lift of her eyebrows at his pronunciation and then waddled away. She came back and put the beer on the table. She stood and watched him drink, and he knew her eyes were going over him, summing him up.

Suddenly she said in English, "Mistah, you come on the boat—or swim ashore?" Her voice was husky, joking, wreathing up through the labyrinth of her vast throat.

Peter started, and Commere Grazia chuckled. "You surprised Ah knows English boy when Ah sees one? During the war we got lots of English and American sailors here. Plenty people here speak English. What you do, Mistah English? You a sailor man or just a plain bum?"

"I'm a seaman." He tried to make it sound casual. "But I got into a spot of trouble——"

"In Santos?"

"Yes." He looked like a drifter, a down-at-heel, so he could talk like one. "I came over on the boat. Thought I might get a job here."

She nodded her head understandingly. "Good man might get a job here, mistah."

Peter took a pull at his beer. "Is there a telephone here?"

Her face flashed with a huge smile, and she reached out and patted his shoulder. "No telephone here, mistah."

"But what happens if you have trouble?"

"Ain't no trouble a telephone can fix."

"But the policeman here—say he wants to get in touch with the mainland?"

"Ain't no damn' policeman. Don't you worry yoh head. What for we want policeman or telephone? They don't fix nothin'." She rocked on her hidden heels gently, the great arms folded across her middle. "One man sleep with another man's wife. Can telephone fix that? One man steal another man's sheep. Can telephone fix that? No, Mistah English, we ain't got no telephone nor policeman. We got that Quisto there."

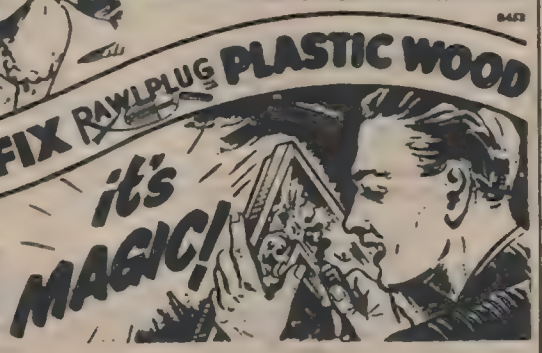
She nodded out between the palms. A little donkey, head lowered, its

Continued on page 35

But don't worry, mend it with Durofix—the colourless adhesive. Durofix sticks almost any material—china, glass, leather, rubber—even metal! Use Durofix for greater strength—*heatproof and waterproof too.* Tubes 9d., 1/3 & 5/-. Tins 2/9 & 10/6.

8453

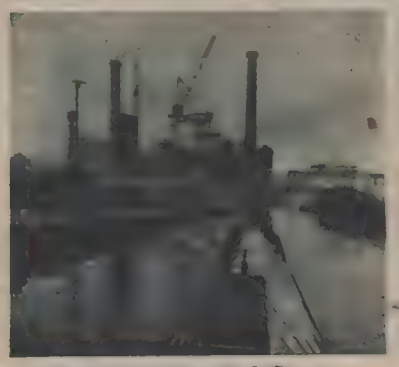
RAWLPLUG DUROFIX RAWLPLUG PLASTIC WOOD



Rawlplug Plastic Wood is pliable as putty, yet when dry—it's wood! You can saw, plane, sandpaper, paint and polish it. For cracks and joints, repairs to furniture—even mouldings! Never deteriorates. Tubes 1/-. Tins 2/3, 3/9 & 5/9.

THE RAWLPLUG CO. LIMITED, LONDON, S.W.7

CONTINUING HIS JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN



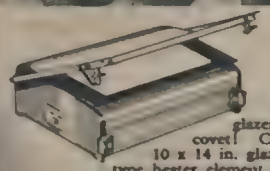
In the heart of the Black Country

Harry Hopkins visits the

NOT-SO-BLACK COUNTRY

In John Bull Next Week

Give these worth-while presents this Xmas for next year's FACES AND PLACES

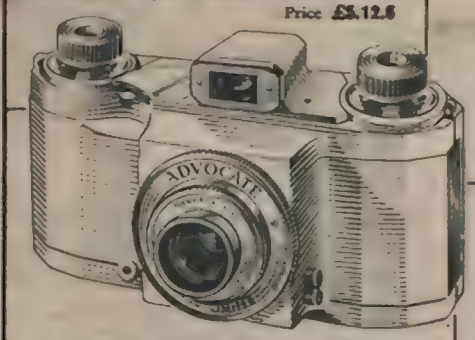


ILFORD AMATEUR GLAZER

The flat-bed glazer all enthusiasts covet! Chromium-plated 10 x 14 in. glazing sheet, mat-type heater element with loading of 300 watts on 200-225 volts AC/DC. Robustly-constructed to give a lifetime's perfect service. Price **£5.12.6**

ILFORD PHOTO OIL COLOUR OUTFIT

All that's needed to colour photographs in oils. Nine tubes of colours, one tube of Reducing Medium, small phial of Synthetic Turps and Sizing Fluid. Two spotting brushes are included. Price **12/6** complete.



ILFORD 35 mm. ADVOCATE CAMERA

Simple, faultless and handsome—that's the Advocate, the miniature camera that takes 24 x 36 mm. black-and-white or colour films. Loads and unloads with the greatest of ease, has an unusually wide angle of view, and the shutter release is conveniently on top. Ivory enamel finish. Price: **£24.14.6**

Please write for free 24-page booklet explaining the Advocate's many wonderful features.

ILFORD JUNIOR CAMERA CLAMP

Holds lightweight cameras rigidly in any position and can be attached to any convenient support. Maximum tilt of about 130° downwards from vertical. 6¾ x 1¼ x ¾ in. Price **14/11** incl. P.T.

ILFORD

PHOTOGRAPHIC ACCESSORIES

WHAT BETTER GIFT FOR A BOY? 34/6

A Set of Tools designed to provide a Lifetime of Pleasure

A boy who likes making things—and what boy doesn't?—will be thrilled to receive a Hobbies A 1 Fretwork Outfit this Christmas. With it, he'll be able to make splendid models, working toys, miniature railway accessories, galleons, and hundreds of articles of use in the home. For 34/6 you'll give him not only a Christmas present but also a hobby that will provide a lifetime of interest and pleasure. The A 1 Outfit as illustrated consists of sturdy tools in a strong box, together with an instruction book and design. Everything necessary to make a start. Another popular outfit is the Crown at 20/-, and there are others from 12/6 to 62/6. Obtainable at good stores, ironmongers and Hobbies branches.

To HOBBIES LTD.
Dept. 45, Dereham, Norfolk

Please send me your Free 20-page Booklet and name and address of nearest stockist. Also send me the items I have marked thus X

☐ A 1 Outfit 34/6 post free U.K. ☐ Crown Outfit 20/- post free U.K.

I enclose P.O. for .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

"We began to wonder whether we ever should get married!"

Then we found out how John and Sybil solved their housing problem..."

I agreed with Peter when he set his mind against "living in a bedroom." Even two rooms weren't going to be much fun—we wanted our friends to come and *stay* with us in the lovely little home we would plan together. As for getting a flat—it looked quite hopeless.

Then we heard how John and Sybil started in *one* room. They furnished with a Put-u-up suite so that it looked exactly like a living-room. At bedtime they just opened up the Put-u-up and there was a full-size double-bed.

Now John and Sybil have a bigger place—and with their Put-u-up they entertain friends just as though they had a spare room.

When we *did* get the chance of two nice rooms and a kitchenette we jumped at it! Off we went to look at Put-u-up suites. What a wonderful rangewewereabletochoosefrom,too!

We finally decided on Suite 608 in a beautiful tapestry that looks simply grand in our sitting-room—and no one ever knows of the wonderful hidden double-bed.

Good old John put us right about another thing too. "All settee-beds," he said, "*aren't* Put-u-ups." That was news to us. He told us to look for the BLUE RIBBON on the back of the settee. That showed we were looking at a genuine PUT-U-UP. "It stands to reason," he said, "that the PUT-U-UP people—inventors of the settee-bed—with many years' experience behind them, are able to give the best value and the best mechanism."

SUITE 608: Put-u-up £33.12.0. Special overlay mattress £3.13.6. Easy chair £18.18.4. Other double-bed Put-u-ups from £22.15.0. Prices vary according to covering.

Please send literature giving details and prices of range of Put-u-up bed-settees and suites.

Name .....

Address.....JB 8

POST COUPON TODAY
for free descriptive literature illustrating large range of Put-u-ups and matching easy chairs to the manufacturers of Blue Ribbon Furniture, Greaves & Thomas Ltd., Dept. JB 8, Clapton, E.5.

In your own interests you must insist on the genuine

PUT·U·UP

REGD TRADE MARK

with the BLUE RIBBON—at your furnishers

VISIT THE PUT-U-UP SHOWROOMS, 3 PRINCES ST., REGENT STREET, W.1. WOLFENDEN STREET, BOLTON

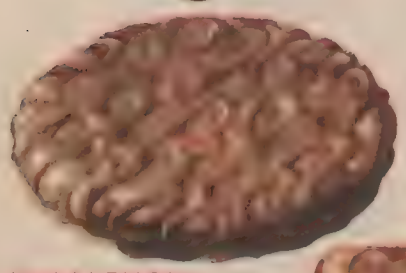
I want Cadbury's Chocolate Biscuits

This is the treat that everybody loves! Here you see Cadbury's MILK ASSORTED —five kinds of the munchiest, crunchiest biscuits straight from Cadbury's factory in a garden. These delicious biscuits are thickly covered with Cadbury's Dairy Milk—the most famous chocolate in the world.

Ask at the shops now for half-pound packets of Cadbury's MILK ASSORTED Chocolate Biscuits, 2/1d; Cadbury's MILK WAFER Chocolate Biscuits, 2/2d; or Cadbury's MILK FINGER Chocolate Biscuits, 2/1d.

WAFER

ORANGE SANDWICH



WHOLEMEAL

GOLDEN CRISP

COKERNUT

★ *Watch for this gold and purple packet of Cadbury's* MILK ASSORTED *Chocolate Biscuits, and speak up smartly when you see it.*

2/1d ½lb. packet

muzzle almost grazing the ground, was trotting towards the café from the direction of the long, low corrugated iron building. On its back was a large man whose feet almost swept the ground. He was reading a newspaper and holding a red umbrella over his head. He wore a large-brimmed panama hat, a loose white drill suit, hempen *alpergatas* on his feet, and an enormous silk cummerbund about his ample waist.

The donkey stopped at the foot of the bodega steps. The man swung off it and the donkey promptly lay down and rolled over luxuriously in the dust. The man watched it, and said something which made the men at the table away from Peter shout with laughter. The donkey heaved itself to its feet and stood, head bowed, its eyes hypocritically sad, its mousy-fawn hide glossy and distended with good living.

The man furled his umbrella, mounted the steps and joined the others. Grazia brought him out a drink. She stood talking and Peter saw the man look his way. Presently he walked over.

"Senhor." A rich, firm voice. He swept off his hat, gave a bow and announced himself, "Luiz Conquistadore das Tegas."

It was said with such a grand air that Peter, as he rose to his feet, wondered for a moment if he ought to bow. Instead, he held out his hand. It was enveloped in a large, warm paw and pumped vigorously.

"Glad to know you. I'm Landers, Peter Landers."

"Commere Grazia tells me you are English. Welcome to Portos Marias, senhor. We have a fondness for the English here."

He was well over fifty, had a large, handsome face, the bright brown eyes overshadowed by immense white eyebrows. Into the band of his cummerbund were tucked a knife, a pipe, a silver tobacco tin, a small notebook and a collection of toothpicks. His face was pink india-rubber, mirroring every mood, and his hands and arms moved with the same expressive felicity. But behind the expansiveness Peter could feel the authority in the man. He guessed that if he lost his temper it would probably be like a ship's boiler bursting.

"May I?" He sat down and ran a hand over his white hair which was worn so long that it curled over his ears and the nape of his neck. He shouted over his shoulder and Commere Grazia brought them two glasses of beer. He raised his glass, nodded to Peter over it and then drained it in one prodigious swallow.

"Poor stuff, senhor. But it keeps the kidneys flushed. A man is as good as his kidneys, and I have the best pair on Alvaro." He reached out and patted Commere Grazia on the behind. "Isn't that true, Commere?"

"Sure, Senhor Quisto — you got good everythings." She laughed with him, and then went on, "Ah's tellin' you, Senhor Quisto, Mistah English here is mighty interested to know if we got policeman in Portos Marias."

"Policeman?" Quisto pondered the word, then shook his head. "No policeman here, senhor. I am everything; policeman, lawyer, tax-collector." Then suddenly his voice changed and he gave Peter a sharp look. "Why? Are you in some trouble?"

"Well. . . ." Peter hesitated. "I was ashore with some shipmates having a few drinks and . . . there was a bit of a fight." The sheer difficulty of invention made his voice hesitant, his manner shame-faced. "I thought I ought to make myself scarce for a while."

"A fight?" Quisto smiled. "Well, you aren't the first seaman who's had to jump the island boat at Santos. You stay here, senhor. Grazia will look after you." He stood up, chuckling.

"Sure, you stay with me, Mistah English. Ah's use to havin' a man in trouble about the place." She waddled off to serve the group near the door.

Peter followed Quisto down the steps of the platform. The Santos boat was giving a last succession of hoots.

Quisto glanced at him shrewdly. "If it was bad trouble—you'd better run for that boat."

Peter laughed. "Not me. It was nothing that a couple of weeks here won't cure."

"I believe you, senhor." The broad face beamed. "If I didn't I would make sure you were on that boat."

He kicked the donkey, which had relapsed into the dust, and swung himself on to the animal's back. "Come up to my house about seven and have dinner. It will be good to talk to an Englishman again."

He kicked his heels into the donkey's sides and as he rode away, roared, "Olá, what a world it is for a donkey! Plenty of food and the right to kick the unwary."

The steamer gave a last hoot. A great ragged plume of tawny smoke flared up from its stack and it began to pull away from the jetty. Peter stood there. . . . He had a fortnight, and in that time he would keep his eyes and his ears open. On the Slave he had been outwitted. Here he must make no mistakes.

He turned back to the bodega and it was then that he remembered something he had overlooked. He had forgotten that there was one person on this island who knew he had come out of the sea: the girl who had rescued him.

Grazia gave him a meal in her kitchen. As he ate she fussed around, talking to him.

"Is Portos Marias the only village on the island?" he asked.

"The only one. There are a few huts over the other side. They's foh the shepherds. They stays over there weeks at a time."

And that, he hoped, was what the girl would do; stay over there. It was a risk he had to take.

When he had eaten, Grazia took him into her store-room. It was long, with small iron-barred windows, and around the walls merchandise and crates were piled high. He found that she was ships' chandler and general storekeeper for the island. She had everything — clothing, tools, paints and canned goods. She fitted him up with shirts, linen suit and a pair of blue canvas shoes . . . and all he could need. When he took out his wallet to pay, she gave one look at the crumpled, still damp notes and waved them away.

"Some time later, Mistah English. We fix that up. Just now, you look all in. You got to get yohself some sleep."

She showed him up to a low, simply furnished attic looking out over the square. There was an iron bed, a wash-hand stand, a cracked mirror, a couple of chairs and a religious almanac behind the door. It was hot in the room from the sun striking down upon the square outside.

As soon as she was gone, he stripped off his shirt and flung himself on the bed. He slept like a log for three hours.

He was awakened by Grazia, who brought him tea. "The girl will be up with some hot water and a razor," she said.

Peter went to the window. Outside, the palm shadows were lengthening. Some boys were bathing from the sandy strip of beach below the edge of the square.

The whole place looked quiet and peaceful. He, too, felt relaxed and refreshed from his sleep.

The bedroom door opened with a rusty creak of hinges and a girl came into the room carrying a large tin jug. She gave him a little nod and poured hot water into the hand basin. Then she turned and began to make up his bed.

He stood by the window, waiting for her to finish.

She had straight black hair, which fell loosely about her shoulders. Her cheekbones were high, the mouth and chin rather shallow and, although she was good looking, there was a suggestion of watchful impassivity about her. She wore a plain black dress, a little short and tight on her so that she seemed all long brown arms and legs.

As she worked he had the feeling that, although she did not seem to be taking much notice of him, she was in fact very much aware of him. Around her neck she wore a thin gold chain with a cross hanging from it and her wrists were hung with cheap bangles and bracelets.

"Do you speak English?" he asked.

She turned her head towards him, and smiled. The still face was swiftly animated with a bold, provocative glance.

"Sometimes, senhor. . . ."

"What's your name?"

"Anita."

"Do you live here?"

She nodded and then moved across the room to him. She bent down and gathered up his filthy shirt. As she stood up she was close to him and her eyes went over his hard, brown torso and then to his face. She stared at him and he had the feeling she was deliberately trying to embarrass him. Suddenly there was a flash of white teeth and she turned and was gone from the room.

Peter laughed to himself, and then turned to the business of washing and shaving.

Some time later, he was ready to go up to Quisto's house. The linen suit fitted him well. He had slicked down his light brown hair with water. He stood at the window and lit a cigarette from a packet Grazia had brought up with the tea. He was whistling gently. It was difficult not to feel rather pleased with himself.

Quisto had told him to come at seven, but when he got there the place seemed deserted. It was a large blue-and-white painted Spanish-type villa perched on the cliff above the town. From the foot of the gardens the headland ran out which enclosed the harbour.

He walked through the gardens and found Quisto sitting in a small belvedere, smoking a cigar. Quisto greeted him warmly, but was obviously surprised that he had come at seven. He was a dignified, impressive figure in an old-fashioned black suit, low-cut waistcoat, and a straining spread of stiffly starched shirt. He took Peter around the gardens, sweeping him along and talking as he went.

The gardens were luxuriant but neglected. Terrace walls were crumbling, gates were broken and rotten on their hinges. The place was wild, rambling and shabby and gave Quisto no concern at all. From him Peter learned the history of the widely separated group of small islands, of which Alvaro was the only inhabited one.

In 1810 a shipload of Portuguese emigrants to Brazil had been wrecked on the headland. The survivors had brought ashore their stores, their animals and a great deal of tools and household furniture. They had settled down, building houses from the easily worked tufa rock and living comfortably from its fishing and the increase of the few sheep and goats which had been saved and which flourished on the rich grass and shrubs of the lower slopes of the mountain.

Quisto's arm pointed towards the mountain at the back of Portos Marias. "That is Pae—the father. But he is an old, old father now, no fire left in him. In his young days he was a king among volcanoes. Ha, to be young! To be full of fire, and feel the world in your palm like a walnut shell! To see the women's heads turn and to watch the jealousy flash in the eyes of their men! Yes, Pae is old, and so in a little while—maybe another twenty years—I shall be, too." He roared with laughter, sang a snatch of some romantic song, and then went on with his story.

The settlers had refused to leave their island, which eventually passed to Brazil as a result of international arbitration. By this time Portos Marias was well established.

Still talking away, uncaring whether Peter listened or not, Quisto swept him into the house and conducted him over it.

They went up a magnificently carved stairway where every other board was broken or loose. They

"It's not so expensive when you think of it in terms of what the pound is actually worth!"

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Pioneer road

THIS has become a very "practical" world. Dreams are derided. Ideals are sneered at. How wrong the world is; and what a good thing it is that, despite all the mockery, there are always those who persist in following their dreams!

The reward of the pioneer is great. It is the satisfaction of knowing that he has prepared the road which he may never travel.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

My Christmas present—
I can't wait to begin!
The Perfect Food
KIT-E-KAT
for Cats
● Kit-E-Kat is chock-full of fish and liver — plus extra vitamins and minerals for perfect health.
So clean and so simple—
just open the tin!
● Kit-E-Kat is absolutely ready to serve: and there's enough for several meals — only 9d.

KIT-E-KAT the complete and nourishing cat food

Make TRACKS for CRAX!

Whether you're throwing a sherry party or giving the baby his milk and biscuits, "CRAX" will keep the party keen! Quite, quite irresistible! 'Short' and slightly *sweet*. Sprayed with golden fat (no butter needed!). And (believe it or not) frosted with a glitter of SALT!

Out of this world
—but at your Grocers

Unbelievably more-ish. Right at any time. Giant carton, triple-sealed to keep 'em crisp, 2/-.

M&D

Made by Meredith & Drew Ltd., London

CVS-122

passed down corridors hung with rows of oil paintings; most of the frames were chipped and some of the canvases hung dog-eared from the corners of the mounts; through saloons, balconies and courtyards. . . .

It was an enormous place, and for all its dilapidation there was an air of untidy gaiety and colour, a buoyancy and happiness that ran in a bright *motif* throughout this villa perched on the hill above Portos Marias.

They went down the stairway towards Quisto's study. The windows of the study framed a wide view of the harbour. Over a bottle of wine Quisto went on talking. There was no mistaking the pride he took in the island and his position among the islanders.

His great-grandfather, he told Peter, had been one of the original survivors of the wreck. Das Tegas had become the chief family on the island and in 1860 a das Tegas had been granted the concession to work the guano deposits of the Alvaro group.

For nearly forty years the island had enjoyed great prosperity. Fishermen had built themselves fine houses. A large church had been erected and the das Tegas family had spent a small fortune on their fabulous house. But by the turn of the century the guano deposits had been exhausted and the great clouds of sea-birds from which it came had disappeared because of some change in the sea currents that had disturbed the marine life on which they fed. Portos Marias was now making a scanty living from sheep and fish, and Quisto, before he was thirty, had given the quietus to what remained of the das Tegas fortune in a European tour.

"Everything changes," said Quisto, for a moment saddened. Then, brightening, "But, maybe, one day the Good Lord will send back the sea-birds in their thousands and we shall have guano again. . . ."

OUTSIDE, it grew darker. The house woke to a tumult of voices and activity, but it was over an hour before Quisto gathered Peter up and ushered him into the large saloon where they were met with a roar of welcome and the warm smell of food, of oil and spices, of broiling meats and fish.

A glass of *aperitif* that tasted of apricots was thrust into Peter's hand and Quisto hurried him through a confusion of introductions. Some people spoke English and some not, but it made little difference, for Peter was given no chance to speak much. Children gathered around his legs and were shooed away like chickens by Quisto. He knew already that Quisto's wife had died about eight years previously and that the house was lived in by married sons and daughters and their children.

He gave up trying to sort people out and contented himself to follow Quisto, to smile and to shake hands.

In the end, Quisto, his red face beaming, turned to him and said, "And now, senhor, you have met them all. Here under my roof, the cream of Portos Marias, the men of wealth and the men of intelligence." Then suddenly, looking over Peter's shoulder, his face lit up, creasing into a great smile of delight, and he lifted an arm and gave a shout that filled the long saloon.

Peter swung round, wondering what was happening.

Coming down the great staircase was a girl. Her dark hair was drawn tightly back, her lips, half-parted, were like geranium petals, and her skin was warm and brown with the sun, and soft with her twenty years. She came down the stairs slowly, holding herself like a princess, enjoying the attention she was getting, and the long yellow silk dress she wore made a whispering noise as she moved.

Peter watched her, fascinated. But it was not her beauty which held him. The girl coming down the stairs was the one who had rescued him from the sea; the only person who knew how he had come to the island.

To be continued next week

THE LALLAPALOOZA

Continued from page 22

Grandma said, "Aren't you ahead?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then stay in the game," Grandma said testily.

Grandpa said, "Now Emma, you've got to. . . ."

Grandma looked at Grandpa's chips and said, "The only thing I've got to do, James, is do better than you. From the size of your stack, you must be the sucker these gentleman have dreamed about for years."

Grandma picked up her cards, and Reverend Sorenson suddenly appeared behind her chair and stared at the commission man, who was standing behind Grandpa's chair. Grandma in the game was bad enough, but Reverend Sorenson in a saloon was akin to an earthquake shaking down the walls.

Grandma looked at her hand—she had two kings and three small cards—and when the pot was opened she called the ten-dollar bet and raised a hundred, and said, "Nice hand, eh?"

"Very nice," Reverend Sorenson said.

Everyone dropped out, and Grandma raked in the chips and said pleasantly, "A good profit for a pair of kings."

Then MacCauley was glaring at her and nodding, and they began playing in earnest, determined that no woman would show them up. And all the time, Grandpa was suffering the tortures of the damned, hating himself and losing his nerve, and knowing that a man without confidence could never win an open game.

Grandma played her cards close to her blouse, and MacCauley began bulling the game. Then Grandpa got mad, and the red began rising in his cheeks as he hunched forward and played in silence. He was badly shamed now that he felt there was nothing to do but play until Grandma quit, and then get on his horse and ride for California. He was a six hundred loser, and Grandma had evidently drawn a good deal of their money from the bank, so they stood to lose everything.

Grandma, however, played even for half an hour, while Grandpa lost another hundred and was forced to take chips from MacCauley.

Grandma won a fifty-dollar pot, and MacCauley looked at her appraisingly, his thick brows drawn close together above his deep-set eyes. He reached into his coat pocket and put his private drinking glass on the table, poured a small nip from his deerskin-covered flask, and downed it.

"Ma'am," MacCauley said, "we've humoured you. From now on, I warn you kindly, we are going to play poker and forget your sex."

"Good," Grandma said. "I'll forget yours. Deal!"

When MacCauley spoke that way, Grandpa stopped squirming inwardly and said, "You will not forget my wife's sex for a minute, mister."

"I didn't mean it that way," MacCauley said.

THEY played another round and everyone knew it was coming to a showdown. The saloon was packed with spectators, standing ten deep around the table, watching the play and whispering.

It came MacCauley's deal, and he said, "Straight draw," and dealt the cards fast as light. Grandma lifted her cards, looked once, put them on the table, and folded her hands. Across from her, Grandpa held his hand level with his eyes as was his habit before he bet or drew. The pot was opened, and Grandpa called and raised two hundred. The others dropped out and Grandma called.

MacCauley read his hand and said, "I call and raise five hundred."

Grandpa looked down at his chips—he had about fifty dollars left—and said, "Can I play behind this stack?"

"All you want," MacCauley said.

Grandpa said, "Then I call," and he scribbled an IOU and tossed it into the pot.

All eyes turned to Grandma, who said quietly, "I call."

She opened her handbag, took out a roll of bills, counted out two

What a throat!

QUICK, SOOTHE IT WITH A ZUBE!

At the first sign of a throat that's hoarse, raw or just plain tickly—go suck a Zube. Zubes are best for throat and chest.

ZUBES Regd.

In tins 8½d. and 1/4d.
Loose 5½d. an ounce.

The Leytool Automatic
HACK-SAW

A Hack-Saw -with a DIFFERENCE!

Revolutionary in design, robust in construction.

With it you can saw through an unlimited thickness of material without being restricted by the usual hacksaw frame. Will do many jobs that an ordinary hacksaw cannot do. An enclosed spring automatically returns the blade after every stroke. No blade breakages, no holding pin to become bent or broken. *Write for free illustrated Catalogue describing this and other unique Leytools.*

21/-

LEYTONSTONE JIG & TOOL CO. LTD.
Leytool Works, High Road, Leyton, London, E.10

Careful Mothers rely on

SULEO
HAIR EMULSION

2/- a bottle from all chemists

JEYES *rapid, safe remedy for head pest infestation*

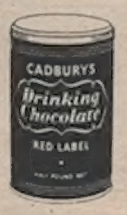
MOTHER – Even the cleanest child can unwittingly pick up head lice, but do not reproach yourself or worry about it. Suleo Hair Emulsion is a safe, easily applied remedy: pleasant and undetectable.

Are men more intelligent?

After we'd finished looking-in on the discussion the argument *really* started. Gerald said men were obviously superior. They could tackle anything—*even cooking*. Julia looked wicked and remarked that as a cook Gerald made a very good golfer! Then, just as I was saying that Nigel didn't even know what a kitchen looked like, in the dear marches. Complete with hot cups of chocolate for all. Delicious! Had to admit men were *rather* clever . . .

Drinking Chocolate that's really chocolatey; that's Cadbury's. It's perfectly simple to make. Just add three teaspoonfuls to each cup of hot milk; stir; it's ready! **1/5 a half-pound tin.**

CADBURY'S DRINKING CHOCOLATE



The warm-hearted drink

MAJEX
SWISS WATCHES

right on the wrist

Because they have fully jewelled Swiss lever movements, MAJEX watches naturally keep accurate time. But they do more than that. Their gold cases are British made and possess an air of refinement that adds distinction to any wrist —*yet they are not expensive watches.*

on the right wrists

There are MAJEX watches in good jewellers all over the country, with Chromium and stainless steel cases from 7 gns., and with Gold cases from 10 gns.

In case of difficulty write for name of nearest stockist to Marchand & Jobin Ltd., 100 Hatton Gdn., London

QUALITY TOYS for XMAS!

Famous PEDIGREE DOLLS PRAM

16-inch body; 5¾" rubber-tyred wheels (as illustrated).
19/11 *By Post* 21/10

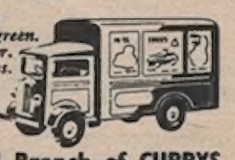
The World famous Triang Models

All-steel body (21-inches). 3¾" Rubber Tyres. Painted red/black
Postage 1/6 **21/6**

TOY SEWING MACHINE
It really sews! Precision built Vulcan toy, British throughout!
39/11
By Post 41/3

Wonderful value for money!

Robust steel toy painted red and green. Opening rear door. 3¾" Rubber tyres.
26/3
Postage 2/-



Currys LTD.

★ From your Local Branch of CURRYS or sent by post anywhere in the U.K. (SPECIAL GREETINGS CARD ENCLOSED). Send P.O. to: Mail Order Dept, 6 77 Uxbridge Rd. London, W.5. Ask for Copy of our XMAS MAIL ORDER TOY LIST "*Presents by Post*"

hundred and pushed the bills into the pot along with her three hundred dollars' worth of chips.

MacCauley smiled, and it was not a nice smile. He said, "Doubling up on me, eh?" and lifted the pack and looked at Grandpa. "How many cards?"

Grandpa lifted his hand again level with his eyes, and Grandma said, "All right, Reverend."

Reverend Sorenson and two other men had moved behind the commission man, and when Grandma spoke they took his arms and pulled him away from the table before he could look over Grandpa's shoulder and see his hand.

Then Reverend Sorenson said in his deep voice, "You stand back there, and stay back there!"

And everyone knew then exactly why the commission man had stood behind Grandpa, reading his cards and signalling their value to MacCauley. Grandpa looked around and understood at once, and for a moment the game was almost broken up.

Then Grandpa sat back in his chair and said, very softly, "Cut the cards."

"Tough day with baby, dear?"

MacCauley was white-faced, but he did not move his lips or back down. He put the pack in front of Grandma, and she shuffled it thoroughly, cut it three times, and pushed it forward.

"Deal from the table," she said. "How many cards, James?"

"Two," Grandpa said firmly.

MacCauley dealt Grandpa two cards and looked at Grandma.

"I'll play these," Grandma said.

MacCauley discarded two and dealt himself two.

"All right," he said, "make your bets." And then he looked at his draw.

Grandpa said, "I bet five hundred."

Grandma opened her handbag and counted off five hundred dollars, added another thousand and tossed it into the pot.

"I'll call," she said, "and raise a thousand."

Now they watched MacCauley, who had drawn two cards and faced a fifteen-hundred-dollar bet from a two-card draw and a pat hand. MacCauley looked steadily at Grandma and began counting out chips. He matched the fifteen hundred and added another thousand raise, and sat back.

Grandpa studied his hand and pushed his cards away and said, "I pass out."

Everyone sighed, and all eyes turned on Grandma, who calmly opened her handbag and pushed the last of her wad of bills—just an even thousand—out to match MacCauley's raise.

Then Grandma said, "Our farm is worth twelve thousand dollars, and I am raising you twelve thousand dollars, Mister MacCauley." Grandma tossed the deed to their farm into the pot and looked at MacCauley, and her jaw came out and her eyes snapped, and it seemed she hoped he would call her bet.

"Wait," MacCauley said. "Table stakes."

"No," Grandma said "open stakes, and there's your raise, Mister MacCauley; bet or back down. I always suspected you were a tinhorn gambler. What is this place worth? No more than six or seven thousand—call it seven. Are you calling?"

They said in later years that MacCauley looked at his hand, put it down, looked at it again and rubbed his cheeks as if unable to assess it correctly. And the sweat burst forth on his face, and his ears turned red, and he tried to stare Grandma down, and finally he dropped his eyes.

Once he began pushing chips toward the pot; and then cursed, suddenly and with great anger, and threw his hand down and said, "The hell with you!"

Grandma drew the pot to her side of the table and then she looked up and smiled. "I've got a lallapalooza," she said.

"What's that?" MacCauley asked. "I never heard of a hand called that."

"You haven't?" Grandma said. "Why, it's quite a famous hand, Mister MacCauley."

She turned over her pat hand and showed the three, five, seven, ten, and queen of different suits; a completely worthless hand, a bluffing hand if a man—or woman—had the guts to play it out.

The shout that went up around the table shook the rafters, for Grandpa had dropped three aces, and MacCauley had refused to call the twelve-thousand-dollar raise while holding three hacks and a drawn pair of sixes. And then Grandma looked at MacCauley's private drinking glass and deer-skin-covered flask and said, "I will cut, high card, one hundred dollars against your glass and flask."

Now everyone knew that MacCauley treasured those properties—considered them part of his luck—but he was humiliated and so angry that he couldn't think. He shuffled the pack and spread it between them and said, "You have a bet, ma'am." He had lost his nerve and had to get it back.

Grandma turned a card—a three.

Then MacCauley smiled and turned a card; it was a two.

Grandma reached over and took the glass and flask and said, "Kindly cash these chips, Mister MacCauley."

MacCauley made the change, and Grandma pushed the huge wad of bills into her handbag and got up and said icily, "It's late, James. I think we'd best start for home."

"Go ahead," Grandpa said thickly. "I'll be right with you."

Grandma walked from the saloon and heard, behind her, the sound of heavy blows. She smiled to herself: Grandpa had just settled his own bill with the commission man and Ed MacCauley. He joined her on the sidewalk and helped her into the buggy, and then he said weakly, "Emma, how could you do it?"

"Why, James," Grandma said, "if you felt that you had to lose everything, I had a right to half the fun."

That is why my grandfather never played poker with his son, my father, or anyone else, in all the years I knew him. And that is why Grandma always took a nip of brandy before going to bed every night, possibly for the medicinal effect. And then again, it was surely an admonition of sorts for Grandpa when he got ready for bed and saw MacCauley's gold-and-ruby glass and deerskin-covered flask on the table beside their pillows. THE END

STAND BY—MATERNITY CASE!

Continued from page 17

against him. Naturally he knew the drill for a G.C.A. landing, but he had not done it for some considerable time and this was a strange airfield. He knew also that in all probability they were not used to landing transatlantic aircraft at short notice, and the cloud base was hellish low. . . .

He felt his stomach turn over as he wondered what sort of a fist they would make of it. But it was no use worrying. Nothing he could do would alter the weather conditions and they wouldn't have advised him unless it was absolutely necessary.

He pressed the transmit button again and spoke.

"Tower from Dog How. Roger. Over."

"Dog How from St. Eval Tower. Control taking over now on same frequency. Out."

There was a pause and then his headphones crackled and another voice spoke out of the night.

"Dog How from St. Eval Control. Can you hear me? Over."

"Control from Dog How. Hearing you clear and loud. Over."

"Dog How from Control. Fly at 1,100 feet. You are nineteen miles west-south-west of the airfield. Steer sixty-five degrees. Over."

"Control from Dog How. Roger. Over."

He changed course and began to lose height. His throat had suddenly become dry and hot.

There was another longish pause and then the voice came again; calm, impersonal, almost bored.

"Dog How from Control. You are eleven miles south-east of the airfield. Steer 315 degrees at eight hundred feet. . . . Airspeed 110 knots. Over."

Once more the captain made the necessary adjustments for course and speed.

When he had levelled off, he glanced over to his right and saw the co-pilot unwrap a fresh piece of gum and sit back in his seat, his eyes half closed and his jaws moving relentlessly.

Behind him, his face palely lit from the heavily screened reading-lamp on his table, sat the navigator, apparently utterly oblivious of his surroundings as he manipulated his pencil and rulers.

For a moment he felt a quick surge of anger against the two of them. Why the devil shouldn't they share some of his anxiety and worry? Why should he have to carry the burden of responsibility entirely alone? It was damned unfair. . . .

The crackle of the headphones again.

"Dog How from Control. You are losing height too rapidly. Fly at eight hundred feet. Repeat eight hundred feet. Over."

His hands were shaking and he scarcely recognized his own voice as he acknowledged the message and pulled the aircraft up to the required height.

Then he shook himself and forced his eyes back to the airspeed dial, savagely ashamed of his momentary lapse. He called up the steward.

"How's the patient?"

"Not too good. The pains are getting more frequent now."

"Well, keep her cheerful. Tell her we'll be down in five minutes. Warn the passengers to prepare for landing."

Control came through again. *"Dog How from St. Eval Control. Approach Control taking over now. Keep on same course and speed. Over."*

There was another pause. The fluttering in his stomach was making him feel sick. Then Approach Control came through.

"You are eight miles from the runway. Steer 275 degrees. Get landing gear down and start coming in at usual rate of descent. Over."

He eased the throttles back while the co-pilot lowered the undercarriage and partial flap.

Again Approach Control spoke. *"Turn left four degrees. . . . You are on the glide path now. . . . Three and a half miles to go. . . . Keep losing height at normal rate."*

As he obeyed these instructions, he again felt the sweat trickling down his neck. It was pitch black outside and the wind gusts buffeting the machine made it almost impossible to keep steady on course. He stared at the directional gyro and forced himself to concentrate.

"Still on glide-path. . . . Left one degree. . . . One and a half miles to go. . . . Full flap down. . . ."

He felt cold and numb and his brain seemed to have ceased functioning. He was barely conscious of responding to the instructions coming to him out of the ether like a mechanical robot.

"Half a mile . . . four hundred yards . . . start levelling off. . . . . Out."

There was a second or two of ghastly uncertainty and then the co-pilot spoke nonchalantly.

"Here we are," he said. "Blimey! Just like Oxford Street, isn't it?"

Ahead stretched the double lines of the flarepath lights. The captain slid the control column back and cut out the throttles.

They touched down with scarcely a bump.

Within a matter of seconds, an ambulance was alongside and the

OH, JOHNNY! — *by TIM*

expectant mother, now very near her time, was rushed to hospital.

The captain relaxed in his seat and pushed his cap back.

"So that's that," he remarked, briefly. "How's the fuel situation?"

The co-pilot glanced at the gauges and made a quick calculation.

"Enough for three hours' flying," he replied.

The captain looked at his watch. "Right," he said. "I'm off again as soon as they can clear me." He passed through the cabin to the entrance and spoke to one of the R.A.F. Control Staff standing beside the gangway.

"I want to get off as soon as possible," he said. "How about it?"

"We'll clear you now, if you wish. How about juice?"

"I'm O.K., thanks. Well, I'll buzz along. Many thanks for a safe landing."

The flight lieutenant waved him farewell. They taxied back to the start of the runway and swung round into wind. A green light flickered and the next second the great machine was roaring down the tarmac.

As they lifted and began to climb away, the captain noticed that the rain had stopped and the sky to the east was paling.

THEY came down at London Airport in daylight. As soon as he was free, the captain went to the telephone and rang his mother. There was no reply. He retrieved his money and stood still, steeling himself for the call to the hospital.

If the news was bad he would rather have heard it from his mother than from some disinterested person at the hospital.

He put in the coins and dialled St. Jude's, his hand shaking so that his finger could scarcely find the holes.

"My name is Adams," he said, when he was connected. "I've just flown in from America. My wife has had a motor accident. Mrs. Paul Adams. Please let me know how she is."

"Just a moment. I'll put you through to the ward."

There was an agonizing wait and then a woman spoke, her voice calm and matter-of-fact.

"Maternity ward sister speaking. Mr. Adams?"

"Yes! Yes! How is my wife?"

"She is as well as can be expected, but she has had a bad time. Just a minute. Here is the house surgeon."

"Hallo! Mr. Adams?"

"Yes."

"Your wife had a very bad shaking, which brought things on. We had to operate early this morning, and have succeeded in saving both of them."

"Thank God. Can I see her?"

"Better not today. Come along tomorrow morning when she's had a night's sleep. By the way, it's a boy!"

"Thank you. Thank you," he said, and then, weakly, "Give her my love."

He rang off, unable to say more, and wandered, in a daze, to the crew-room, where the rest were having breakfast. An orderly met him.

"Captain Adams?"

"Yes."

"Signal for you, sir."

He tore open the envelope and extracted the form.

"Captain Adams from St. Eval. Glad to inform you Mrs. Da Silva delivered of son 0715 hours. She sends thanks and greetings."

He folded the sheet carefully and put it in his pocket.

"Snap!" he remarked, solemnly.

"Beg your pardon, sir?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all."

How could one explain? What words were there to explain this miracle that had happened to him? It had been a night full of fear, a night of temptation, as he had driven the great machine across the dark Atlantic. But he had fought the fear and had not succumbed to the temptation, and now it was day and everything was right. He went in to breakfast, repeating idiotically to himself, "Snap." THE END

£500

CASH for 2, 3 or 4 WORDS

MUST BE WON OUTRIGHT

in "Bullets" December Tournament

The most meritorious of the First Prize *Bullets* in Contests 1,915, 1,916 and 1,917 will bring its entrant £500 plus super Hamper—a £200 Tournament Cash Bonus added to First Prize cheque.

WHO WANTS "BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE TELEGRAM ON CHRISTMAS EVE?

1,570 PRIZES THIS WEEK PLUS GIANT 25-ITEM HAMPERS!

£300 Plus SUPER HAMPER

£25 PLUS SUPER HAMPER | **£10** PLUS SUPER HAMPER

£9 | £8 | £7 | £6 | 3 of £5

10 of £2.10 | 50 'Bullets' SEASON TICKETS

SURREY FOWLS — A fine roasting fowl as Bonus accompanies each cash prize of £9 and under won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

25 XMAS EXTRAS — Fine 5-lb. Surrey Fowl, Plum Pudding, Fruit Cake, Tin of Peaches, Peas, Cheese, Mushroom and Tomato Soups, Apples, Oranges and Nuts, Bourbon Biscuits, Ovaltine, Honey, Marmalade, Tin of Pineapple, Custard Powder, Golden Syrup, Luncheon Meat, Drinking Chocolate, Sardines, Tea, Box of Chocolates, Cigarettes and a BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.

IT'S Christmas Eve. A smiling boy hands you a Greetings wire. "Congratulations! You have won First Prize . . ." runs the wonderful message. Enter this week's best *Bullet* and the thrill of that message on December 24 will be *yours*.

Thanks to the Tournament Offer, that success can bring you as much as £500 cash—and note, too, the lavish hampers which accompany each of this week's chief *Bullets* cheques. In JOHN BULL'S £750 Crossword you have one week only to bring a £600 telegram to your door two days before Christmas. Closing postmark for both Contests—Monday, December 14.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Spirit Of Britain
On Page 1954
Made Life Simpler
In Winter's Grip
The Way Ahead
Fighter Tito
Wouldn't Do Any Harm
Policy Of Grab
Not The Answer
Too Many Motorists
Let Loose
The End Of A Dream
High-pressure Salesman
Made Her Head Reel
A Refresher Course
Crates, Cases, Casks
On A Slippery Slope
Infectious
Chasing The Fox
At The Old Folks' Party

Incomplete "Examples" see instructions

The Greatest.....On Earth
Dear To.....
He Didn't....., So
The Village.....
In.....Number 13
A Woman.....And

"Bullets" Winners 1,910

FIRST PRIZE, £750: L. Stenning, 85 Harehills Avenue, Leeds:

The Royal Will
Replaced By Royal *Willingness*!

£50: J. E. Keen, 102 Champlain House, White City Estate, London, W.12: ON THE POLICEMAN'S HANDS—PLENTY—*Without* WHITE GLOVES!

£25: E. Hurst, Flat 6, Collingwood House, Front Street, Chirton, North Shields: TO FILL THE CHURCHES—APPEAL NEEDS A "PAUL."

OTHER AWARDS: £10: A. G. Bowles, 53 Molesey Park Road, W. Molesey: BULLDOG WINSTON—BRINGING MAN HIS "SLIPPERS"? £9: Mrs. D. Dutton, Bingley Lodge, Llanfwrog, Ruthin: THE ROYAL CAR—PASSED DAD'S—QUEEN SMILED! £8: S. Neal, 49 Lingfield View, Moortown, Leeds: THE FINISHED PRODUCT—OF PLODDER'S "WEAVING"—"VELVET." £7: S. C. Falconer, 3 Sea View Avenue, Wallasey: THE FINISHED PRODUCT—LEAVES GERMANY CHEAPER, *Richer*! £6: A. E. Pring, 26 Peterborough Road, Liverpool: THROWING STONES—WON'T INTIMIDATE *Trieste* "REFEREE." £5: H. K. Jackson, 135 Hawthorn Road, Kingstanding, Birmingham: OH FOR A COTTAGE AND—GARDEN—NEAR CINEMA, SHOPS—! £5: J. Love, 10 Saughton Mains Drive, Edinburgh: ASKING TOO MUCH—*And* WRONG "ANSWER"—McCARTHYISM!

(Each winner from £50 to £5 receives also a Christmas Turkey.)

For 10 winners of £2 10s. plus Christmas Turkey see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. Winners of 25 Christmas Fowls have been notified and 1,500 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of these Contests (*Bullets* in JOHN BULL dated Jan. 9 and Xwords in JOHN BULL dated Jan. 16), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, January 2, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,915 result.)

Last before Christmas! £750 XWORD

£600 FIRST PRIZE — Winner's telegram, Wednesday, December 23—£100 Second Prize—£50 Third Prize—all CASH!

THIS WAY TO WIN

First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two, three* or *four* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues — **XWORD 862**

1. Football manager appreciates good one
3. Strong one can bowl a man over
5. Sole responsibility for one is found onerous by aged couple
7. May have discouraging effect on visitors who would like to call
8. People get reconciled to having this for lunch
13. Some can provide protection to fleet
14. Average townsman would exercise caution should he see one when in the country
15. It's pretty useless for breadwinner to do this if his wife's a spend-thrift

Down Clues

1. A man likes to make this before he's too old and infirm to do his job properly
2. In some cases, slating one may well be waste of time
4. In the country, autumn's beauty is marked by
6. Not so effective when thin
9. One may often hear a buzz from busy one
10. Now and then one moves an amazing amount of stuff
11. A dark one is bit of a problem
12. We don't like to think of them as being shut up

WOMAN £600 WINNER

HERE is Mrs. M. Wood (10 High Street, Newport Pagnell), winner of £600 in our 859th Crossword. Another woman reader, Miss L. Cleary (Liverpool), won £600 in Contest 858.

WIN £600 WITH YOUR COUPON BELOW!

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,915 (or Xword 862), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2, (Comp.)

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

EXAMPLE ..... |6d.

BULLET .....

EX. ..... |6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... |6d.

B. .....

EX. .....

B. ..... } EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.

EX. .....

B. .....

NOTE BONUS OFFER ABOVE for FULLY COMPLETED COUPON

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address .....

.....

1,915 Closing Postmark MON., DEC. 14

MAY WE SEND YOU THIS GUIDE TO SUCCESS? For practical help with *Bullets* and Crosswords, stick 2½d. stamp on right—this brings you *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated January 2. **728**

STICK 2½d. STAMP here for *"Bulletin"*

£750 XWORD

1W	I	N		E	2R	■	3R		4M			
A	N	A	■	O	O	Z	E	■				
	■	5M		N	O	R	■	T	S			
■	6B	E	■	■	■	■	7	E	T			
8A	S	H	■	■	■	9	■	A	■			
■	■	■	A	10C	■	I	N	C	11H			
12P	S	■	L	R	■	V	■	H	O			
	■	13P	L	A	■	E	S	■				
T	E	E	■	■	■	■	P	A	S			
14S	N	A	■	E	862	15	A	V	E			

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.
No.		4s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **862** Closing Postmark MON., DEC. 14

I enclose P.O. value ..... No.....

Signed.....

Address .....

.....

Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Extra Answers to two Clues = 4 Squares, 1s.; to three Clues = 8 Squares, 2s.; to four Clues = 16 Squares, 4s.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated January 2.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per contest and to entry needing not more than 8s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

ONE WEEK ONLY to post this week's coupon — last week's entry-form may be enclosed.

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on single copies: Inland and Abroad, 1½d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 4d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

BY APPOINTMENT
SCOTCH WHISKY
DISTILLERS
JOHN DEWAR & SONS
PERTH
50 Gold and Prize Medals
50 Gold and Prize Medals
BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
"White Label"
FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY
OF GREAT AGE
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS
PERTH SCOTLAND
London Offices,
ar House, Haymarket, S.W.1
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
70° PROOF
Happy Christmas